

The Sketch

No. 669.—Vol. LII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE IN "ROGUES AND VAGABONDS," AT THE EMPIRE.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



London.

I'M in trouble again! What do you suppose I've been doing now, of all things in the world? Running down women! Yes; the harmless idealist, the arch-sentimentalist, the most susceptible creature that was ever thrilled by a casual glance, is now accused, all the way from Leeds, of running down women. It's too bad, isn't it? But let us take the accusation first, and the defence afterwards. My correspondent is a lady, and, as I say, she writes from Leeds. Here is her letter, modestly sub-edited—

DEAR MR. CHICOT,—Please don't be so sarcastic. Perhaps women in Society don't have much time for their husbands; I don't know anything about them. But with the rest of us it is very different. The wife is not only the housekeeper, but companion and friend. Women are a great deal better than you credit them with being. Please be kinder to the great army of us, most of whom, like myself, have to work for a living and have no idea of being married. There are such a lot of people to sneer at us or offer a contemptuous pity because no man has wanted to marry us.

There, friend the reader! How would you like to receive a crushing snub like that at the end of a long, wearing day, most of it spent in championing the cause of the so-called weaker sex? You will understand my feelings when I tell you that I cried myself to sleep.

Probably you will not remember the paragraph that has caused this very distressing misunderstanding. It appeared in last week's "Motley Notes," and had to do with an article published in a ladies' journal describing the simple form of "rest cure" just discovered by some young married women of the moment. The article stated that "after a hard day's run (and they often hunt five times a week) they ride home, have tea and a bath, go straight to bed, and eat their dinners safely tucked up in their 'downies.' This means rest and sleep for perhaps fourteen hours." Whereupon I was rash enough to observe that these dear little creatures could not have many spare hours to waste on their stupid husbands and children. I further calculated that "fourteen hours in bed, seven hours in the saddle, two hours for gossip, and one hour for correspondence would seem to fill in the daily round, the common task, fairly satisfactorily," and concluded this extremely ill-advised paragraph with the observation, "After all, why lavish time on a man? Men are so selfish." Tell me, then, unprejudiced person, was that an attack on womankind in general? Or was it an attempt to indulge in a little mild banter at the expense of these modern young women who are said to dine in bed? I should never forgive myself if I thought I had been blundering enough to write one single word that could wound the feelings of those to whom the supreme happiness of life seems to have been denied.

After this, I am almost afraid to touch upon a question that has lately been causing me a good deal of anxiety. I mean the threatened physical and mental supremacy of woman. The subject is of such vast importance, though, that I must take the risk. We all read in our newspapers quite recently of a fierce battle between a bevy of schoolgirls and the followers of the Surrey Stagbonds. Very well, then. It now seems that the higher education of girls begins by making them Amazons. At the school to which the hunted stag fled for sanctuary the other day, the girls, ranging in age from six to nineteen, wear no frills, petticoats, or corsets. (By the way, I beg to explain that I am treating a serious matter quite seriously.) They are dressed in a single garment of tawny woollen stuff that hangs straight from the shoulders to the knees. They take daily exercise in Swedish gymnastics, they frequently go for long, cross-country tramps, in the summer they work out-of-doors, and, nearly all the year round, they

rush about without hats or coats. They also go in for hockey, gardening, and dancing.

Contrast, for a moment, the physical training of the English schoolboy. He is dressed in a linen collar, a linen shirt, a silly little jacket, and a pair of tight, hard trousers. In the summer, he is generally compelled to play cricket—a game at which one boy out of ten excels, and a game, therefore, out of which one boy in every ten gets amusement. In the winter, he is generally compelled to play football. Football is a better game for the duffer than cricket, because, although he may get bowled over, he cannot get bowled out. At the same time, the duffer is little more than a spectator, even at football. When at work, he sits for hours and hours on a hard form, wrestling with a lot of stupid subjects that he would learn for himself, quite easily and naturally, three months after leaving school. The tedium of the thing makes him loaf and slouch: he loses his self-respect in consequence, and ultimately develops, unless he is stronger than the system, into an invertebrate, hopeless waster. Perhaps he manages to scramble through some Civil Service Examination, or get called to the Bar, or secure a berth as assistant master in a private school at a salary of sixty pounds a year, and that is the end of him. It is no joke, dear friend, this threatened supremacy of woman. That is why I am so desperately anxious to keep on good terms with the sex.

I wonder whether any kind reader would help me in a little matter. I am rather hard-up for some good Christian names. The old ones, of course, especially girls' names, are very charming, but one so soon gets through them. In my short career as a writer of novels, tales, and sketches, I have already used Dolly, Stella, Margery, Miriam, Gladys, Alicia, Joan, Florrie, Jane, Muriel, Phyllis, Enid, Louisa, Ethel, May, Kitty, Monica, and Ruth, to say nothing of Robert, Jack, Selwyn, Jim, Harry, Ralph, Leslie, Ted, Ned, Kenneth, Bill, Alfred, Tom, Hick, Harold, Fred, Frank, George, Nelson, Sam, and Alec. You will observe that I incline to the ordinary in nomenclature; that is because I endeavour to write about ordinary people. Such names, therefore, as Pamela and Sadie are not quite suitable; besides, everybody else uses Pamela and Sadie. I'll tell you what: why shouldn't I give a prize, quite on my own account? I shall be delighted to forward a copy of one of my humble works to anybody sending in the best list of good, workaday names, none of which are mentioned above. Or I might, if he or she was so rude as to ask for one, bring myself to send the winner a book written by somebody else.

I have just room, I think, to tell you a little child-story that was told to me a few days ago. Child-stories are sometimes rather a nuisance, but this one strikes me as being so delightfully natural and amusing that I should like you to hear it. If any of my readers have heard it already, I hope they will be lenient with me for the sake of those who are not so up-to-date. Here it is:

A little boy got into bed one night without saying his prayers.

"Darling," observed his mother, "you haven't said your prayers."

"I know," he replied, snuggling down and looking at her with calm, serious eyes.

"But you must get up again, dear, and say them."

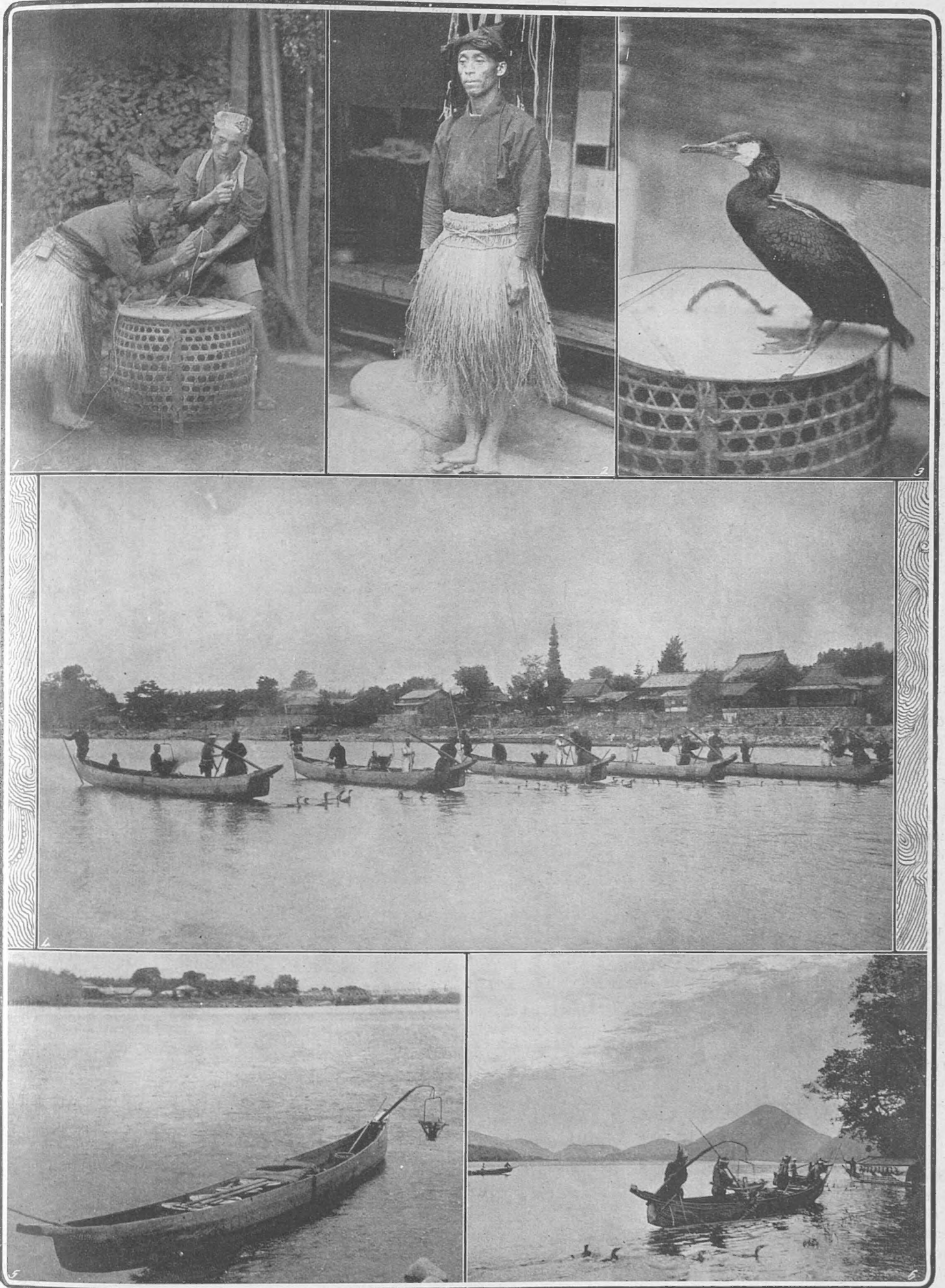
The little boy shook his head.

"It's a plan I've got," he explained.

"A plan? What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm not going to say them to-night, and I'm not going to say them to-morrow night, and I'm not going to say them the night after that, and then, if nothing happens, I shan't ever say them again."

BIRDS CATCHING FISH FOR MEN: CORMORANTS AT WORK.



1. Tying a cord round a cormorant's neck, in order to prevent it swallowing any but the smallest of the fish it catches and to provide a "life-line" by which the bird can be lifted from the water.
2. Mr. Yamashita, one of the cleverest of those who fish with cormorants, wearing a straw rain-cloak to ward off some of the water splashed on to him by his birds.

3. Hikomaru, a ten-year-old cormorant, standing on his cage.
4. Fishing with cormorants on the River Nagara, Gifu, Japan.
5. One of the boats used for fishing with cormorants, showing the cages of the birds in the boat and a brazier of burning wood in the bows.
6. A boat at work, with its full complement of four men.

Gifu, in Japan, is noted for the great earthquake that visited it in 1891, and for the very ancient and interesting method of fishing with cormorants now being introduced to British audiences at the London Hippodrome. The sport, or, perhaps, one should say, the trade is carried on from mid-May to mid-October of each year, and eight or ten boatloads of fishermen and their birds may be seen on the River Nagara almost every evening. The cormorant, being naturally rapacious, needs practically no training for its work, and, as it is caught young, soon learns that it is not wise to attempt to swallow its catch. In this matter it is "assisted" by a cord tied fairly tightly round the base of the neck. The cord serves also as a "life-line," by which the feathered fisherman is let into and taken from the water, and is passed under one wing, across the breast, up under the other wing, and fastened finally on the back. As the boats float down-stream between eight and eleven o'clock at night, the "holder of the ribbons" stands in the bows and puts overboard twelve birds, holding their twelve strings in one hand and keeping them in perfect order. The cormorants catch the fish by diving for them, their prey being chiefly *Plecoglossus ulivellus*, a kind of trout. Each has a name and a number, and precedence given to a wrong "fisherman" leads to immediate protest.

THE CLUBMAN.

Freshmen's "Drunks" and Bonfires—The King's Portraits and Military Clubs—Tobacco in Club Dining-Rooms.

THE Bishop of London's sermon and the fierce blaze of the Cambridge bonfires have, I think, shown the undergraduate of to-day in rather a distorting light, for by far the majority of the boys are neither rowdies nor wine-bibbers. The steady, comfortable Clubman of to-day whose son is at Oxford could tell stories of bump-suppers and Wine Club jamborees which exceed anything the lad of to-day takes part in, and the visit of the New Zealand team is not the first event that has been celebrated by bonfires at Cambridge.

There are no places at which customs good or bad die so hard as at the Universities; they are strongholds of conservatism, and the tone of the undergraduate has not changed as rapidly as has the tone of the outside world. Those of us who are grey-headed can remember the days when to have "been out in the sun" or to have lunched a little too freely was not considered any great disgrace to a man so long as he kept out of ladies' society while he was the worse for wine, and when practical joking and bear-fighting were always indulged in when any number of ordinary young men were brought together.

Our ideas of what is good and what is bad form have altered a great deal in the last thirty years. A regimental Mess now, even on a guest-night, is a place of almost as great sobriety as a monastery refectory; the man who over-estimates his capacity for carrying strong waters is very soon elbowed out of Society; and the man who bear-fights or plays silly practical jokes is written down as an upper-class Hooligan, and a black ball spoils his chances if he is put down for any of the best Clubs. The boys of the Universities behave infinitely better and drink less wine than they did thirty years ago, but they have not moved towards perfection quite as quickly as the outside world of their class. Hence these tears.

The Junior United Service Club in Charles Street has been presented by the German Embassy, just across Pall Mall, with a portrait of the Kaiser in his State-robcs. The members of the German Embassy have always been honorary members of the Club, and this is their very pleasant acknowledgment of the hospitality shown them. The Club has presented itself with portraits of King Edward and the Queen, for, when the offer of the Kaiser's portrait was made, the Committee awoke to the fact that there were no portraits of our own King and Queen on the walls of the Club, and they remedied this at once.

The Naval and Military is another of the Service Clubs which is going to place portraits of the King and Queen upon its walls. There is a portrait of the King hung on the staircase, but it is a presentment of him in his very early twenties. The beautiful new white Georgian smoking-room was the place in which it was originally intended that the portraits of the Royal Family should be

hung; but expert advice is against the placing of the pictures, as was intended, over the mantelpieces, and a new position must be found for them in this room or another. Perhaps the most interesting addition to the Naval and Military—the cabmen call it the "In and Out" Club—is the roll of honour, a great tablet with the names of those members of the Club who have fallen on active service inscribed upon it. There is scarcely a year which does not take its toll of blood from the members of any big Club, and other Clubs might well follow the Naval and Military's example of honouring its valiant dead.

The United Service, which considers "The Senior" quite an unnecessary substitute for its real title, is moving with the times indeed. No Club has been more conservative than this, and no Club has been forced by changing ideas to alter its rules and regulations so completely. Time was when no stranger was allowed to partake of its hospitality, and it was said that the hall-porter was doubtful on one occasion whether he ought to give a glass of water to a gentleman who had come to leave a card on a member and had incontinently fainted.

Tobacco was looked askance at for many years at "The Senior," and one of the great battles between the Old Guard and the New was fought over the question whether smoking was or was not to be allowed in the hall. The votaries of tobacco seem to have won all along the line, for one of the principal improvements in the renovated and re-decorated Club is a great increase of the smoking-room accommodation. It was found that when the Admirals and the Generals went to smoke an after-lunch cigar in the room sacred to tobacco they were compressed into much too close a space for comfort, and the noise when Admiral called to Admiral and Admiral answered was almost deafening. Of course, "The Senior"

is not entirely peopled now by Generals and Colonels, Admirals and Captains, for one of the progressive steps in its career was the throwing open of the Club, under due guardianship of the ballot-box, to officers of all ranks. In the old days only military officers holding field rank and officers holding the equivalent rank in the Navy were eligible. The sudden influx of young officers quite staggered some of the very old members, and it is said that a full General had a fit of apoplexy on seeing a new member run up the steps of the Club two at a time.

The question of smoking in the dining-rooms of Clubs is one which will have to be fought out very generally, if the Club coffee-rooms hope to compete with the restaurants, a struggle which is generally becoming more and more keen. No man at the Carlton or Savoy dreams of objecting because the man at the next table is smoking; but the same man would be shocked if a man at his Club lighted a cigar before he left the dining-room. Cigarettes and cigars kill the taste of fine claret and good port, though very few men of to-day know how much the beauty of the latter wine is killed by smoke; but if an inner shrine were kept in all Club dining-rooms for non-smokers who wish to drink delicate wines, I do not see why tobacco should be absolutely barred from the rooms where Clubmen eat.



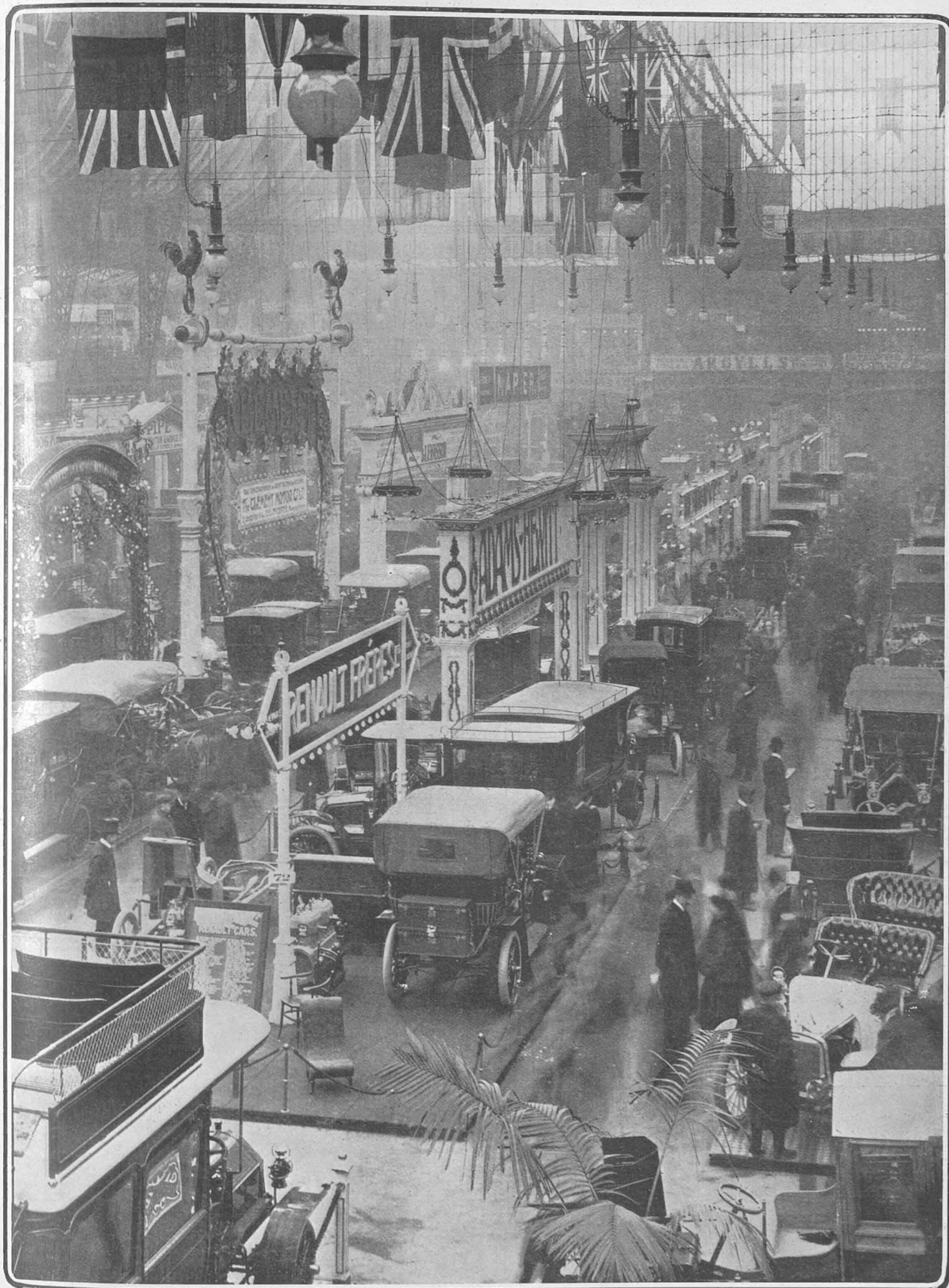
THE PREMIER AND GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE: MR. BALFOUR'S NEW GREEK TEMPLE IN THE GROUNDS OF WHITTINGEHAME.

Mr. Balfour, who was born at Whittingehame and visits it as frequently as he is able, has just had the Greek temple here illustrated built in a secluded corner of the grounds. The little River Whittingehame separates the land on which it stands from the site of the mansion.

Photograph by George Thow.

THE WARES OF THE GODS OF SPEED :

THE GREAT MOTOR-CAR SHOW AT OLYMPIA.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION, LOOKING FROM THE ANNEXE TOWARDS THE MAIN ENTRANCE AND SHOWING THE CAR SECTION.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

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CANINE CHERUBS.

The earlier days of November are always given by our friends the French to the "Culte des Morts." Thousands visit the cemeteries and lay wreaths upon the graves. This custom even extends to the dog-cemetery in an outlying region of Paris. The poor "Tou-tous" get their floral tributes, like everybody else. Some of the inscriptions to the canine departed are inexpressibly touching. Here, for instance, is one to "Petit Mignon," "killed in the flower of his age by a civilised savage." Another tries to point a moral to its brethren upon the earth: "Dear little doggies, try to be good; it is because I wasn't they have put me in wood." But positively the sweetest epitaph belongs to a little griffon, who died at the age of five: "He was a good father and husband," says the tombstone, and piously adds, "R.I.P." The good father was not forgotten.

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SMALL TALK of the WEEK

ONCE more Queen Alexandra has shown a splendid example to all those Royal ladies who wear the Queen - Consort crown. Her Majesty's instant response to the pathetic appeal made to her by the wives of the unemployed bore fruit at once in a generous personal gift, and, what was even more valuable, in simple, touching words which called urgent attention to the serious state of things among

of several new Peers, and, it is thought, of two Dukedoms, Lords Ripon and Cadogan being designated as likely to enjoy the very rare honour. Lord Dudley will almost certainly be raised a step in the Peerage.

American Descendants of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

As even the least adventurous might have anticipated, the placing of the official seal on the long-credited statement that George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert were man and wife has brought forward several claimants to the blood-royal. The first pair of them come—need it be said?—from America; Chicago is responsible for one, San Francisco for the other. Both, if telegraphic information is to be believed, have an eye on the dollars, without which relationship to a monarch is naught but a mock. Mr. J. L. Ord, a telegraphic superintendent, alleges that he is a great-grand-son of the fourth George and the lady described by the *Morning Herald* of 1784 as the “new constellation” that “has lately made an appearance in the fashionable hemisphere,” and declares that Coutts’ hold records proving him to be the heir to some five millions; and Mrs. S. W. Holladay, of San Francisco, on

our poorer workers. Again and again during the last forty-two years our Sovereign's Consort has shown her sympathy with those whom Victor Hugo styled “the disinherited of the earth,” and many of the Queen's kindest and most womanly deeds of mercy have remained hidden from the public, known only to the small circle of those benefited.

Some December Weddings.

The last month of the year will be a great marriage month in both senses of the term, and the most important of these matrimonial functions will be the wedding of Lord Willoughby de Eresby and Miss Eloise Breese. Scottish, American, and musical Society will muster in great force, for Lord and Lady Ancaster hold a unique position North of the Tweed. The bride is of American birth, though of English upbringing, while her step-father, the energetic Mr. Harry Higgins, has been described as “the backbone of the Opera.” Miss Breese, who is very pretty and graceful, has always been noted for her exquisite taste in dress, and her trousseau is said to be the prettiest and most original seen for years. Yet another future Earl, Mr. Tom Coke, will become a Benedict in December, his bride being Miss Marian Trefusis, a niece of the Duke of Buccleuch. Royalty is certain to be present at the marriage of Lady Ruby Carrington, the daughter of one of their Majesties' most valued pair of friends, to young Lord Lewisham. Lady Ruby, who is one of several sisters, is a granddaughter, through her mother, of Lord and Lady Suffield, and has been a favourite with our Queen from childhood. Her eldest sister is Lady Marjorie Wilson.

“Between the Hay and the Corn Harvest.” When shall we have the General Election? That is the question which is agitating Society just now, and Mr. Arnold-Forster's recent prophecy, of course, points to next summer. Many shrewd judges, however, place this important political happening much sooner—in fact, before the Season—and if the great upheaval is to come soon, most hostesses would wish it to be over sooner rather than later. In any case, 1906 will see the creation

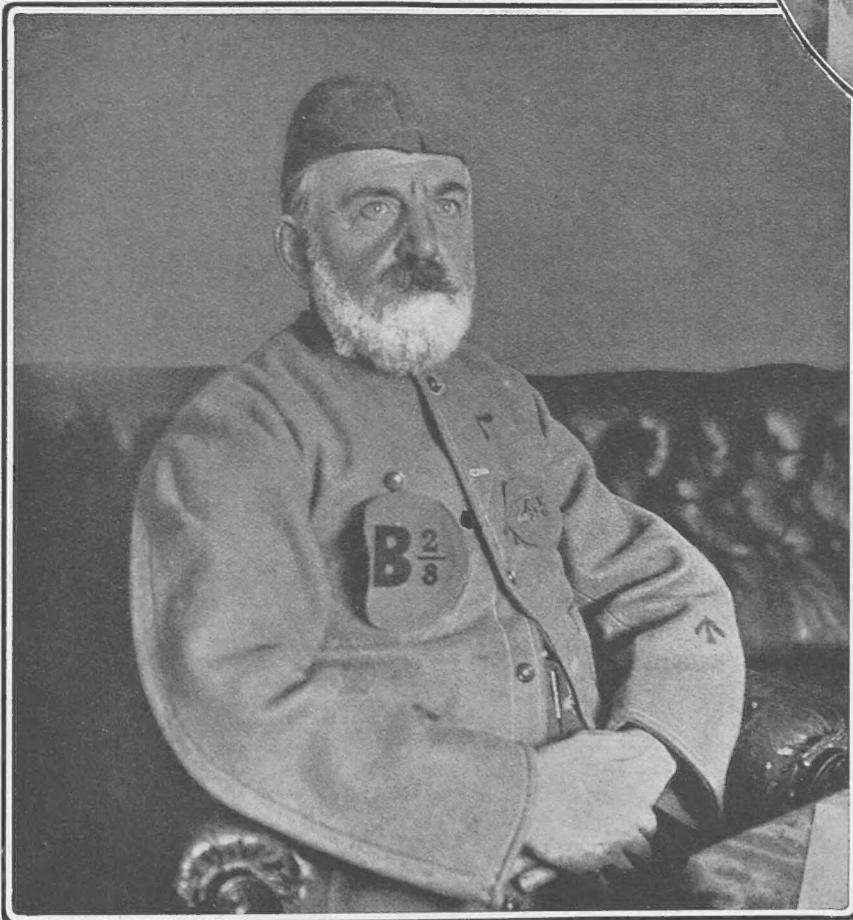


THE EDITOR OF THE “REVIEW OF REVIEWS” IN CONVICT DRESS: MR. STEAD WEARING THE BROAD-ARROW TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

the ground that she is a grand-daughter of the famous pair, apparently entertains somewhat similar hopes. Sport for the lawyers is evidently promising.

Norway's Minister to London. Independent Norway has been particularly happy in the choosing of her first Minister to London. Nansen is a name to conjure with all the world over, and nowhere is it honoured more than in Great Britain, ever ready to recognise great work done in a field that she has oftentimes endeavoured to make peculiarly her own. There is always something fascinating in the personality of those men who have travelled into the White Unknown, and none is more representative of these pioneers than the Norwegian famous for his



MR. W. T. STEAD CELEBRATING THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS IMPRISONMENT BY DRESSING IN CONVICT GARB.

The numerous journalists who called on Mr. Stead the other day with the idea of ascertaining his views on the situation in Russia were somewhat astonished to be ushered into the presence of a kindly, bearded man in the broad-arrowed suit of the convict. The matter was explained, however, by Mr. Stead's announcement that he was celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the day on which he was sent to prison.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

three years' expedition to the Farthest North. Nor have Dr. Nansen's laurels been won by exploration alone. Literature and politics have both claimed him, and, as a staunch believer in the Monarchical principle, he was largely responsible for the movement that caused Norway to seek a King in the person of Prince Charles of Denmark. Born in 1861, he is young enough to cherish ideals and enthusiasm,

and he has, it is to be hoped, many strenuous but not exacting years before him.

A Military Hostess.

Mrs. Atherton, who was before her marriage Miss Dean Paul, has been described as the most beautiful woman in military society. She is the wife of Colonel T. J. Atherton, one-time Commanding Officer of the 12th Lancers, and an exceptionally brilliant cavalry officer.

Princess Nicholas of Greece.

Princess Nicholas of



A MILITARY HOSTESS: MRS. ATHERTON.

Photograph by Beresford.

Greece, who has just enjoyed her first visit to this country, has two links with England—she is a niece of Marie, Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and a sister-in-law of pretty Princess Andrew of Greece, *née* Princess Alice of Battenberg (with whom Her Imperial Highness was confused in a recent number of *The Sketch*). The Princess, who has all the Russian *chic* and charm of appearance and manner, is the only daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, and therefore related to the Russian Royal Family. At the present time her two little children are staying with their grandparents at Tsarskoe-Selo. The Princess is a sister of the Grand Dukes Cyril and Boris, whose names figured prominently in the papers during the Russo-Japanese War.

The Story of Two Rembrandts.

The concoction of Old Masters is one of the choice industries of Montmartre. A picture-merchant recently ordered two Rembrandts from his copyist. "Ah!" he said, when the *chef-d'œuvre* were produced, "very, very good—better than Rembrandt, in fact. Rub out his name and put in your own." This done, the paintings were shipped to America, the dumping-ground of the factories of the Butte. Meanwhile, some anonymous information reached the Custom House officers at New York: "There will arrive, in a few days, two pictures destined for Mr. So-and-So. They are real Rembrandts, but, in order that the duty on valuable paintings may be avoided, the name has been painted out and that of an unknown artist substituted. It is easy to verify this," added the informant, "by removing the first coat of paint." The Custom officials were on the alert, erased the signature on the two canvases, and revealed the name "Rembrandt." The consignee was charged a duty of £5,000, which he paid under protest, real or assumed. A fortnight later the "Rembrandts," that had cost a hundred francs apiece and were now furnished with a

Government certificate of their authenticity, were sold for £24,000. Not bad biz, eh?

A Royal Tourist.

One of the most agreeable and accomplished younger members of our Royal Family is Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, who started last week for the Far East, in company with her new Lady-in-Waiting, Miss Dillon. The Princess, who is the younger daughter of Prince and Princess Christian, is an expert in exquisite enamel-work, and jewels designed and wrought by her often fetch very high prices at bazaars, for they are real works of art. Princess Louise was devoted to her late brother, Prince Christian Victor, and during his lifetime they often travelled together. She is fond of seeing unknown countries, and has journeyed a good deal—indeed, she is one of the few Royal ladies who have been to America. When in England Her Highness inhabits a pretty, modest-looking mansion in South Kensington; but she is, of course, a great deal with her parents, both at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Forest, and at their London home, Schomberg House, Pall Mall.



A ROYAL TOURIST: PRINCESS LOUISE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Photograph by Bullingham.

The New Conservative Agent.

Colonel Arthur Balfour Haig, temporary or permanent Conservative agent (the matter seems yet in doubt), cannot complain that ill-luck has pursued him. The fortunate accident that he was in charge of certain pontoons and waggons that were put through their paces before Queen Victoria led to his appointment to the Household of Prince Alfred, afterwards Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and, later, his very name stood him in good stead. There is an old couplet that runs—

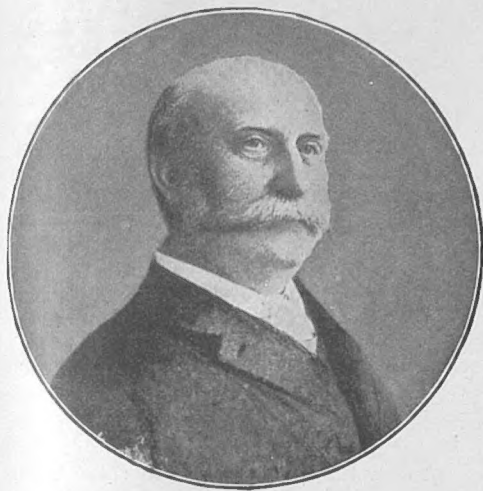
Tide, tide, whate'er betide,
There'll aye be Haigs of Bemersyde;

and it is to this prophecy of Thomas of Ercildoune's that the gallant Colonel owes the fact that he is the possessor of Bemersyde, in Berwickshire. Its last holders were two ladies, sole representatives of an old Border family, who bequeathed their property to the young officer, and so contrived to keep tradition alive. The mansion may be said to be unique in that, of the scores of forts and castles that were once on the Scottish Border, it is the only one occupied to-day, a fact that is the more remarkable when it is remembered that it is in the centre of one of Scotland's greatest fighting districts. Colonel Haig's qualifications for his new post are many, chief among them his undoubted tact and power of organising, and his service as Conservative Agent for Scotland.



PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE.

Photograph by Otto.



A NEW KNIGHT:
SIR J. HERBERT MARSHALL.
From a Photograph.

the United Kingdom, and the owner of an instrument business. His interest in municipal affairs is wide: he was first elected to the Town Council of Leicester in 1888; thirteen years ago he was appointed a Justice of the Peace for the borough, and later to a similar post for the county; during his Mayoralty he rendered memorable service in connection with the raising of moneys for the Leicester Infirmary; and he is recognised as one of the staunchest supporters of the Conservative cause. His services as Mayor were marked by the presentation of his portrait, by Arthur Hacker, which was hung in the Academy, and now has a place in the Town Hall of the borough for which he has done so much good work.

*Prince Arthur's
Travelling
Companion.*

Lord Redesdale, the veteran Peer, better remembered under his old name of Mr.

Freeman-Mitford, is to be an important member of the suite accompanying Prince Arthur of Connaught to Japan. It will be remembered that not long ago the King paid a visit to Lord and Lady Redesdale at their beautiful Gloucestershire seat, Batsford Park, famed for its unique wild-garden. It was while Lord Redesdale was Secretary to the Board of Works that he designed the lovely stretch of rockery and water close to the Serpentine, now known as "The Dell."

Both the artistic and the commercial sides of music have been honoured by the recent knighting of Mr. J. Herbert Marshall, the well-known Leicester man who was Mayor of his native town in the Diamond Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign, for, in addition to identifying himself with the development of musical taste throughout the country, and founding the Leicester Philharmonic Society, Sir Herbert is President of the Music Trades' Association of a magnificent musical-

her generation, still full of youth and vigour, though her daughter, the Baroness de Forest, has lately made her grandmother to a baby girl. Lady Gerard, who was a Miss Milner, often entertained the King as Prince of Wales, and, since her widowhood, as mistress of Eastwell Park, she and her young son have welcomed our Sovereign to the splendid place which once belonged to his late brother, the Duke of Edinburgh. Lady Gerard has many intellectual and artistic interests, apart from her love of sport; she is a great reader, and keeps in touch with all the new social happenings of the day.



A FUTURE HOST OF THE KING:
THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.
Photograph by Russell.

*Their Majesties'
Coming Host.*

The most important of Royal visits paid in December will undoubtedly be that of the King and Queen to Welbeck Abbey. This will be the first time the Sovereign has been the guest of the Duke of Portland since the Accession, but as Prince of Wales he paid several memorable visits to the famous ducal seat. The Duke of Portland, although he was a distant cousin of his predecessor, and therefore not brought up as direct heir to the great position he now occupies, is "every inch a Duke." He is both popular and respected—not always the same thing—in the neighbourhood of "The Dukeries," and the fact that he early threw in his influence on the side of Mr. Chamberlain and of Tariff Reform greatly influenced many of his more important and also many of his humbler neighbours. To a large section of his countrymen the owner of Welbeck is most famous as a successful owner of racehorses. It has been his constant endeavour to elevate the Turf, and since his marriage his winnings are said to have been devoted to some useful charity.

Lady Pearson.

Lady Pearson, whose eldest son was married with such *éclat* to Miss Beryl Spencer-Churchill last week, is the wife of the Liberal member for



A MEMBER OF THE GARTER MISSION TO JAPAN: LORD REDESDALE, WHO IS ACCOMPANYING PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT ON HIS MISSION TO THE MIKADO.
Photograph by Salmon.

He is one of the best landscape-gardeners in the kingdom, and has given much valuable advice in connection with the laying out of the grounds close to Windsor Castle. Prince Arthur's travelling companion was the elder of twins; he is some five years older than the King, for he was born in Queen Victoria's Accession year.

*A Hunting
Hostess.*

Lady Gerard takes rank among the most popular and successful of hunting hostesses. Not only is she the mother of the young sportsman Peer, Lord Gerard, but she is herself a splendid horsewoman, and, like so many women of

Colchester, and the mother of young Lady Denman. *Née* Miss Anna Cass, Lady Pearson will celebrate her Silver Wedding next year, but she is surprisingly young-looking, and of late years has revealed herself as a very important political hostess, Sir Weetman's splendid house in Carlton House Terrace being admirably adapted to the giving of great entertainments. Lady Pearson and her daughter are both very fond of Sussex, and they spend most of the summer there, at Paddockhurst, a beautiful place not far from Crawley. Their favourite charity is the Navy Mission, but they are interested in many other philanthropic schemes.



A HUNTING HOSTESS:
LADY GERARD.
Photograph by Beresford.



THE MOTHER OF LAST WEEK'S BRIDEGROOM:
LADY PEARSON.
Photograph by Vandyk.

A MAD MUSEUM: THE INSANE AS ARTISTS.

(See Illustrations on Pages 6 and 7 of Supplement.)

PERHAPS because the French as a people are so sane and shrewd, France has always been noted for her mental specialists, and of these mad-doctors one of the most famous is Professor Marie, the chief of the medical staff attached to the Villejuif Asylum. The Professor takes the most enthusiastic interest in his unfortunate patients; he encourages them to do work with their hands, and even to devote themselves, when they are willing to do so, to some form of art. In this way he has obtained most amazing results, especially in connection with drawing, painting, and modelling. The insane rarely, if ever, lose the gift of imagination, and a painful interest attaches to many of the drawings and statues now gathered together by Professor Marie in what he calls his Mad Museum.

Too often the mad artist, whether he be a mere amateur who has never handled pencil or paint-brush before, or a man, on the other hand, who has studied in an art-school, allows his fancy to take horrible and lugubrious forms connected with punishments and the powers of evil. Even ordinary objects are seen through distorted eyes, and this is shown in striking manner in the extraordinary statue of Professor Marie himself done by one of his patients; the likeness is there, but the kind and sensible face of the sitter is reproduced by the artist in almost diabolic form.

The Professor has noticed that the insane by no means always reproduce in painting or sculpture what is regarded by those about them as their *idée fixe*; on the contrary, they will often draw or model a scene or object having no reference to their peculiar form of madness or mental delusion. It happens not infrequently that an insane artist will execute

He finds such cases more curious and worthy of study than those of the unfortunate beings who were already painters or sculptors when they became inmates of his Asylum. It is an extraordinary fact—and one for which he is quite prepared to vouch—that certain lunatics who, when sane, could not have executed the simplest drawing, will suddenly begin to draw quite admirably and with a really striking originality. Work done under these conditions often recalls not only the pre-Raphaelite school, but typical Eastern and early Japanese paintings. Professor Marie goes even further: he asserts that in the artistic work of certain idiots who have never enjoyed any form of intellectual life, actual genius, especially of the horror-producing kind, is to be found. An idiot child who was for a long time at Villejuif learnt to model most



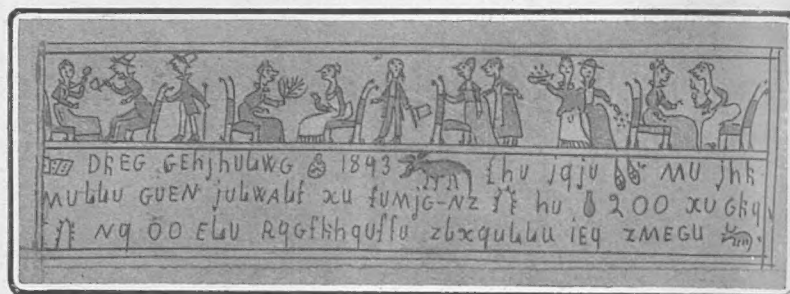
A MADMAN'S IDEA OF THE MUSICIAN THAT HAUNTS HIS DISORDERED BRAIN.

most beautiful copies of a work of art put before him; or, again, that he will paint from memory one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the world.

It is when left entirely to its own initiative that the mind which has lost its equilibrium evokes such scenes of horror as the two drawings reproduced on another page and entitled severally, "Those who have been Hanged" and "A Scene of Agony"—the latter, possibly, a memory of the dissecting-room.

Painters and artists who become mad often give proof of their insanity by some peculiar form of artistic obsession. Such a worker, having been a portrait-painter, will execute excellent counterfeit presentments of those about him, but will invariably leave out the nose or the mouth of each subject. The work of the landscape-artist who has lost his reason has a curious tendency to revert to the pre-Raphaelite school; this is strikingly shown in the design which has for its object the interpretation of a legend, and of which we give a reproduction.

Professor Marie is particularly interested in those of his patients whose artistic gifts have suddenly developed when under his care.



AN IDIOT'S DESIGN, SUGGESTIVE OF A "SAMPLER."

exquisitely not only real animals, but fantastic creatures and monsters; and, what was more, he was able to inspire his clay models with that quality of life or movement which is being always sought for by the greatest sculptors.

The many madmen and madwomen who believe themselves to be persecuted by human or diabolical agencies are fond of drawing what they believe to be counterfeit presentments of their persecutors. One poor fellow, who believed himself haunted by a musical fiend, made a striking statue of his tormentor. Policemen, Jesuits, Freemasons—all figure in Professor Marie's collection of drawings, and it occasionally happens that a patient, after having put his enemy on paper, forgets him for a while. A certain type of madman is fond of illustrating his letters; the clearer the mind, the simpler the design. The most elaborate and complicated drawings are the work of those who are in every sense of the word dangerous lunatics.

Now and again a madman will produce a perfectly reasonable piece of work, such, for instance, as the very original painting entitled "The Queen and her Son," which, one might almost believe, had been suggested by a passage in "Hamlet." This picture, crowded with figures, is the work of an entirely uneducated man, who before he became insane did not even know how to read or write, and who had never drawn at all.

Professor Marie's experiments have aroused the greatest interest among the mental specialists of the world, and similar collections of drawings and paintings done by the insane have been

started in Italy, in Russia, and in Germany. Each give much the same kind of result, for each collection is, as it were, a reflection of human thought and experience seen in exaggerated and terrifying forms.



DRAWINGS IN NEEDLEWORK, EXECUTED BY A LUNATIC.

CONCERNING KING CARL OF NORWAY.



1. THE CROWN OF THE KING OF NORWAY. 2. THE QUEEN'S CROWN. 3. THE CROWN PRINCE'S CROWN.
4. A SCEPTRE AND ORB. 5. CARL IV. OF NORWAY, QUEEN MAUD, AND THE CROWN PRINCE ALEXANDER IN THEIR HOME AT COPENHAGEN. 6. A SCEPTRE AND ORB.
7. AN OPPONENT OF KINGS: ONE OF THE "NOES" AT THE RECENT ELECTION. 8. A NORWEGIAN REGISTERING HIS VOTE.

Photographs 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6 by O. Væring, 5 by Juncker Jensen, 7 and 8 by Wilser.

AFTER DINNER.

By E. A. B.

Comedy Heroics.

Here and there amid the pleasant enthusiasms of the Indian Princes by whom the progress of the Prince and Princess of Wales is being rendered an unbroken triumph occur little incidents in which East and West do not see eye to eye. The other day they sought to hang a garland of flowers about the neck of the Princess. Now, while Her Royal Highness lacks neither artistic instinct nor imagination, she has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and gently but determinedly declined the honour in the form designed. A bouquet in the hand is worth a dozen about the neck, and she carried the floral necklet. Sarasate was once the victim of a plot of this sort. A St. James's Hall audience sat enthralled by his playing, until sheer bathos broke the spell. Perfidious confederates had bribed a couple of the orchestra to dash up and crown him with laurel. They did their part, but the bays were too ample; the crown slipped over his head and down upon his shoulders. The resemblance to a clown grinning through a horse-collar was too much for the virtuoso; he fled.

"It is Yours."

The good time which Prince Louis of Battenberg has had in the United States suggests the bringing away of mementoes. That may be, but they must not be of material form. This was the lesson another princely sailor had to learn. The late Duke of Edinburgh, magnificently entertained in Ceylon by De' Soyza, the millionaire of the island, was carried away, in a moment of enthusiasm, to express admiration for the silver service of native make set before him. At once his host insisted "It is yours," and the Duke was persuaded into admitting that it should be. No sooner had he regained his ship than the silver followed, packed for the voyage. Just as the vessel was about to put to sea, however, there came off from shore the A.D.C. of the Governor, in time to prevent a blunder. The Duke, it was pointed out, was in command of one of the Queen's ships; therefore he could not receive a present, except for the purpose of handing it over to Her Majesty's Government. So that £2,000 gift was re-packed and sent back to the donor, who was not greatly troubled at receiving it.

The Way of the Sage.

Archdeacon Bevan may have new light to throw upon the religion and philosophy of Carlyle in his lecture to-night before the Royal Society of Literature. Point of view may make a Prince or a prig of one and the same man. Carlyle's manner in relation to Leigh Hunt is a case in point. The story has two versions: one is quite a pretty one. A friend discovered on the Sage's mantelpiece a couple of sovereigns in a small vase, and asked their purpose. Carlyle was embarrassed, and would not reply definitely. The friend, knowing him to be then a poor man, said, "My dear fellow, neither you nor I can afford to play ducks and drakes with sovereigns: what are they for?" Carlyle, thus pressed, answered, "Well, the fact is, Leigh Hunt likes better to find them there than that I should give them to him."

Royal Romances.

It has taken a good many years to clear the fame of Mrs. Fitzherbert, although we all knew that Coutts's had charge of the certificate of her marriage, and that Wellington had incurred the undying hatred of the courtesan Lady Conyngham by placing it with the famous bankers. It is full time that someone undertook the biography of Hannah Lightfoot, who seems to have been as truly the wife of George III. as Mrs. Fitzherbert was of George IV. The beautiful Quakeress married George III. at Curzon Street Chapel, Mayfair, in 1759, with his brother, Edward, Duke of York, as one of the witnesses. When it became necessary for him to take a right-handed wife, poor Hannah was smuggled away and married to one Axford, who was liberally compensated for removing the obstacle to the King's marriage with Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The King's union with the fair Quakeress was productive of issue, and a certain George Rex, said to have been a son of George III. and Hannah, founded a family in Capetown, by whose members the Duke of Edinburgh was entertained when visiting South Africa.

Many Inventions.

The Louvre, whose false antiquities are again under discussion, is not the only place where the fabricator of the spurious makes hay. A recent hoax over a certain Nelson statuette, which we all remember, had the King and Prince of Wales among its victims. Farther East, the pretender is again successful. There came one day to the late Professor Owen a deputation from the Turkish Embassy, asking his opinion of a very precious relic from the treasures of the Sultan, a ladle, gorgeous with gems and carving; the bowl from—the beak of the Phoenix. The Professor showed at once that the beak of the "Phoenix" was really that of a rare native of Ceylon, called the Helmeted Hornbill. "God is great! That surely is the bird," said the chief man of the party, as he examined Owen's specimen. A certificate was furnished by the savant, who asked the name of his applicant. It was given to him: "Mohammed Abu Said, Chief Spoon and Ladle Maker to the Commander of the Faithful."



THE "WICKED TINKER'S" ANVIL: A BUNYAN RELIC THAT IS TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

The anvil, which is to come under the hammer at Sotheby's, was unearthed from amongst a quantity of scrap-iron at St. Neots. It is two feet long and weighs about sixty pounds, and stamped upon it in rough letters are the words "J. Bunyan Hel'stow," and the date "1647." St. Neots is but a short distance from Bunyan's birthplace, Elstow, formerly Helenstow. The anvil is particularly interesting in view of the fact that in his early days the "wicked tinker" was advised by one of his friends to stick to his trade, as his "real gift lay in ye repaying of olde kettles."

examined Owen's specimen. A certificate was furnished by the savant, who asked the name of his applicant. It was given to him: "Mohammed Abu Said, Chief Spoon and Ladle Maker to the Commander of the Faithful."



"TOMMIE THE TIPLER": A DONKEY WHO DRINKS BEER.

Tommie, who belongs to a Blackburn costermonger, has developed a decided taste for strong drink, and his morning round is enlivened by numerous pints of "XXX" given to him by sympathetic customers of his master. He knows his regular "treating" places perfectly, and if he feels in need of refreshment he refuses to leave them until he has had his drink. He is, nevertheless, a moderate drinker, for when he has made up his mind that he has had enough nothing will induce him to swallow more liquor.

Buttons and Destiny.

Somebody is complaining that nowadays we do not dress as well as once we did. Is it because our leaders now fasten the lowermost button of their waistcoats, and forbear to roll their trousers half-way up their calves? The restoration of that particular button to its proper use is a tremendous matter for the nation; we shall all now make fortunes. The scholar who used always to head Scott's class was noticed by the novelist to fumble with the button lowest on his waistcoat when answering a question, and Scott took an opportunity to cut it off. When next interrogated, the luckless youth felt for this talisman, could not find it, looked down, and collapsed in confusion. He never regained his place in class, filled an inferior position in life, took to drink, and died early. The moral is exceedingly obvious.

G. F. WATTS'S ONLY COMIC PICTURE—A WEEK'S WORK.



"B.C.: THE FIRST OYSTER"—THE RESULT OF A CHALLENGE BY LEIGHTON AND MILLAIS.

In the course of a most interesting lecture, given a few days ago, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, for so long Editor of the "Magazine of Art," told a Watts story that is very little known. Only once, it appears, did the famous artist paint a comic picture, and this was brought about by Leighton and Millais, who, visiting his studio, challenged him to produce a humorous painting. Watts promptly accepted the challenge, and by the time a week had elapsed had produced "B.C.: The First Oyster." A drawing of the picture was made by Mr. Spielmann, to whom we are much indebted for the assistance he has given us in enabling us to reproduce the original canvas.

Reproduction by permission of Mr. Frederick Hollyer.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"LUCKY MISS DEAN"—"MR. POPPLE"—"MRS. GRUNDY."

ONE is inclined to say "Unlucky Miss Irving," instead of "Lucky Miss Dean," when thinking that, after a brilliant, short career as actress, Miss Ethel Irving has dropped back in a musical farce, and is representing one of the stalest stage-characters, "La Bolero," in which there is hardly any scope for acting—little, indeed, for anything save conquest by charm of personality, cleverness in saying songs, and in her best number an impudence, an *abandon*, and wilful vulgarity which caused a kind of *café-chantant* song to rouse the house. Unlucky Miss Irving, not to be delighting us with an admirable performance of quiet comedy in Mr. Bowkett's play, whilst waiting for a chance, as in "The Way of the World" and "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont," of displaying her remarkable powers as an actress in plays of quality. Of course, Miss Jessie Bateman, who in the revival of "Lucky Miss Dean" at the Haymarket replaces Miss Irving, gives a charming, skilful performance, so that, if the play loses a little in specific character, there is something to be set on the other side of the account. Some people are delighted by the substitution of Mr. Charles Hawtrey for Mr. Marsh Allen. Mr. Hawtrey is a "big draw," as well as a very clever actor; but the piece loses something of prettiness from the change—in fact, a light comedy becomes a light farce; and in its new state causes quite as much laughter as before. Mr. Holman Clark, in his original part, renders useful aid; and Mr. Dennis Eadie, rich in honours earned at the Court Theatre, makes a hit as a cold-blooded, priggish young fortune-hunter. "A Privy Council," which raises the curtain at the Haymarket, is a capital specimen of its class, excellently acted by Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones, Miss Alice Crawford, and Mr. Sydney Valentine; so the popular old playhouse offers a capital light entertainment.

Apparently, the success of "Mr. Popple" will save composers a lot of trouble and managers much anxiety, for, if choruses and finales can be dispensed with, the result upon the exchequer will be substantial, and the musician's labours will be diminished by three-quarters. There is nothing new, as some fancy, about the form of "Mr. Popple," though we have had comparatively few specimens in London of the farce in which people burst into song when the fun is flagging. We did have one Hoyt piece, given, I believe, at Toole's, and, with a little trouble, one might cite other instances.

The success at the Apollo is chiefly due to the very clever performance of Mr. G. P. Huntley, for the book of the so-called "comedy" is no better than that of the average musical comedy, and gives, delusively no doubt, the idea of French farce eviscerated for purposes of transport. However, Mr. Rubens claims originality for the story of the two elderly married men who are spending money vainly on "La Bolero" and get caught by their jealous wives in a compromising situation, from which "La Bolero" extricates them by pretending that she is married to Freddy Popple, obviously a respectable person, and I do not imagine that anyone contests his claim or would care to contest

it. Mr. Huntley, as simple-minded Freddy from Ippleton, is really very funny, and acts with such a tranquil, sure touch that he nearly turns the farcical part into genuine comedy. I believe that he never opened his mouth without causing a shout of laughter, in most cases well-earned; and his attitudes and gestures are irresistibly quaint. What a pity to see so fine a talent employed in mere farce of intrigue! The sixteen musical numbers are in the typical Rubens style, with light, effective, undistinguished music that suits the stanzas, and there is a great deal of swing about the last

which will probably make it go round the town. In addition to Miss Irving and Mr. G. P. Huntley, one ought to mention the soubrette, Miss Coralie Blythe, who danced and sang neatly; Mr. Kenneth Douglas spoke his songs skilfully, Miss Illington made the best of a poor part, Mr. L. Rennay sang agreeably, and Mr. Lionel Victor was rather amusing. People seemed delighted by the magpie motor-costumes in the last Act, and in other respects the piece offers opportunities for pretty frocks, and had a reception more favourable than is given to the rare masterpieces of our theatre.

There has been complaint lately of the growing length of comedies. Melodramas and dramas with heavy plot demand a lot of space, but plays of character need not have a huge canvas. In the case of some lengthy works at the Court Theatre, one can understand the difficulty of the authors, men rather overfull of ideas; one gets tired by, not of, their pieces. Concerning Mrs. Ryley's "domestic play," called "Mrs. Grundy," no such difficulty exists. With intervals of moderate length, it lasted over three hours, whilst the plot is very slight, and its development and conclusion are guessed early in the evening. Such a work, unless the author is rich in novel ideas or clever enough to build up an interesting character by fine touches, is sure to seem very long. "Mrs. Grundy" did. Apart from the proposition apparently put forward that marriages between people who do not love one another, and even marriages under a false pretence of loving, are praiseworthy, which I resent, the play is irreproachable. Probably there

are many people to whom Mrs. Ryley's simple love-story and obvious humour will appeal. Perhaps it is wicked to say that the play seemed to me a dramatic version of one of the *Sunday at Home* stories that I had to read when a little boy, because we were not allowed profane literature on Sunday, and I had a passion for reading. Still, even the unsophisticated will be grateful if the work is condensed. Playgoers now will find the performance more satisfactory than we did, for Mr. Forbes-Robertson's memory refused to allow him full use of his delightful gifts. Miss June van Buskirk, as an unlucky young lady with a great power of unhappiness, played very skilfully. Miss Gertrude Elliott was quite at her best as a charming young impostor. Mr. Sydney Brough handled a long, thin part ably. Master Herbert Hollom may be added to the list of child players whose cleverness would seem amazing if there were not so many of them.



MISS CARRIE MOORE'S SUCCESSOR IN "THE BLUE MOON": MISS VIOLET LLOYD, WHO IS NOW PLAYING MILLICENT LEROY.

Miss Carrie Moore, who made so excellent an impression by her vivacious acting in "The Blue Moon," has had to leave the cast in order to fill a pantomime engagement. She has been succeeded in the part of Millicent Leroy by Miss Violet Lloyd, who was so well known at the Gaiety.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

THE HUMOURIST ON THE CAR.



LADY (*travelling on an electric railway for the first time*): Conductor, please, which door do I get out by?
CONDUCTOR: Whichever you like, Mum. The car stops at both ends.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

VII.—THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY AND TALBOT.—ALTON TOWERS, STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

ALTHOUGH Alton Towers is a more or less deserted house to-day, it still contains much of that wonderful collection of objects of art and furniture which distinguished it when it was world-famous for its hospitality. Nevertheless, Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot prefers to reside in his other Staffordshire home, Ingestre, rather than in the more imposing Alton Towers. The houses are widely different in appearance, and, in my opinion, Ingestre is by far the more fascinating. Ingestre lacks, however, the exquisite grounds that are Alton's glory. There is nothing to match them in the kingdom, and they owe their being to the fifteenth Lord Shrewsbury, who converted a wilderness and rabbit-warren into a veritable Garden of Eden. In the grounds there is a bust of this nobleman, placed under a pillared stone canopy, with an inscription, "He made the desert smile."

The house is a very massive and castellated building, with many towers and turrets, a moat (now dry) and drawbridge, a shot-tower, which once held cannon and protected the approach to the grand entrance, and a beautiful chapel within the outer walls—built on to the house. Its rooms are nobly proportioned, but highly—too

The next room, called by reason of its shape the "T"-room, is an exceedingly fine apartment. In it there are the pictures of the first and only Duke of Shrewsbury, a nobleman who held a greater number of high offices at one time than anyone before or after him, and his Duchess. Around these pictures are good old china, and china is everywhere. The marquetry and inlaid furniture, cabinets, bureaux, and tables, are all most valuable and rare, and when the rooms are lighted up by the many fine gilt chandeliers the effect is extraordinary. But the dining-room is, in my opinion, the best room in the house, very lofty, with an enormous stone-mullioned window, from which the view over the Staffordshire hills is superb. At one end is a gallery, and on the walls are many fine family paintings. The small dining-room adjoins, and this is as beautiful as it is cosy. Here there is much old oak and china, and very old pictures; in fact, this room scarcely seems to belong to the house.

For ten years the great reception-rooms of Alton Towers have had their holland coverings on, and during this time the chapel, with its fine organ, has been disused. How long it will so remain is beyond my ken. Why our forefathers were so fond of building these enormous piles I cannot imagine. It is true that a Peer of their days was a far more important personage than he is to-day, when there are so many Peers. There were no railways or motor-cars then, things moved slowly, and noblemen were almost petty sovereigns. Hence, I suppose, they thought these palaces necessary to their dignity, and never dreamed of those who were to follow or that land and rents might depreciate.

The Lord Shrewsbury of to-day—who, by the way, was forty-five last week—preserves this large house and grounds just as if he resided there. A sportsman true, a man of business, a most charming and modest man, despite the fact that he is our premier Earl, his life is a busy one. Whether his occupation for the time being is business or sport, he puts his whole heart and soul into it, and this may, without exaggeration, be said to be the secret of his success.



THE DRAWBRIDGE AND MOAT OF ALTON TOWERS.

highly, I think—decorated. It was the fashion in Pugin's time to put up much gold and many coats-of-arms, and these become a little wearisome, suggesting, indeed, that their owner deemed it necessary to keep his rank and station constantly in evidence. And how this taste in coronets and coats-of-arms varies in the houses of those entitled to them! In some of those of the very best and highest ne'er a coronet, never a crest, is seen; while in others the very pats of butter are raised to the peerage. It is, to me, incomprehensible, and, I think, savours of the *nouveau riche*.

One remarkable feature of Alton is the grand entrance, such a one, I am sure, as no other house possesses. The doors are eighteen feet high, and these admit to a stone gallery a hundred yards in length. At the end of the first hundred yards is an octagon chamber, with a pillar reaching to the ceiling in the octagon. Down this stone gallery carriages used to pass, turning round in the octagon. The other side of the octagon is the Talbot Gallery, and this also is nigh on a hundred yards in length. Thus it will be seen that Alton is no mean place; on the contrary, it is very large, and has over seventy bedrooms. Add to these the enormous number of rooms in the kitchen department, and then the many fine reception-rooms and State-rooms, and it is evident, firstly, that such a barrack takes some keeping-up and filling, and secondly, that, as it is practically uninhabited by its owner, it must be, like many another such palace, simply a white elephant.

The Talbot Gallery to which I have alluded contains a number of pictures, some of which are valuable, but the best were sold when Bertram, Lord Shrewsbury, died. Some pieces of furniture are good, notably the mahogany and holly seat and chairs, which are heirlooms. The fireplaces speak for themselves, and are ablaze with heraldry. The West Library holds some beautiful furniture, but the "God" there is the wonderful old green Crown Derby china. This is arranged round the entrance-doors and in shelves on the wall.

The drawing-room has also a fine array of furniture and china, as well as two large pictures of the builder of Alton and his Countess.



AN OLD LEAD CISTERN AND PIPE BEARING COATS-OF-ARMS.



THE FAMOUS "RIBBON BORDER" IN THE GARDENS THAT ARE THE CHIEF FEATURE OF THE ESTATE.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

VII.—THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY AND TALBOT.—ALTON TOWERS, STOKE-UPON-TRENT.



1. Some of the Crown Derby China in the Library.

2. A Mahogany Bench and Chairs, inlaid with Holly-wood and bearing the Crest of the Talbots.

7. The priceless Crown Derby China arranged round the Library-door.

3. The Bust of the Lord Shrewsbury who built Alton Towers, which is placed in the grounds, and bears the inscription, "He made the desert smile."

8. A Marquetry Cabinet in the "T"-Room.

4. A Fireplace in the Gallery.

5. The Pagoda in the Gardens.

6. An inlaid Writing-table in the "T"-Room.

Photographs by Leonard Willoughby.

WEEK-END PAPERS.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

The "Euston System."

There has been rather an amusing controversy over the merits of what has been called the "Euston System" of partridge-driving, and, after an article pointing out the merits of the system had been published in a leading newspaper, the Duke of Grafton, who may be presumed to know most about the matter, wrote to say that he had never reared partridges, in the fashion set out, upon the Euston Estate. He has done no more than most other men do—that is to say, he has put himself into the hands of a competent gamekeeper, has given him general directions, and has left him in charge of detail. In dealing with pheasants a different course has been adopted, and the adoption of this system in dealing with partridges on other estates has caused the confusion. I suppose the treatment of partridges is rather a problem for the people who are not content to take ordinary precautions and trust to luck. For myself, I am disposed to believe that very little can be added to the bag by the practice of artificial methods, whether in hatching the eggs or rearing the young. Nature has her own conventions. You can help her a little, but, as old Horace reminded us, you cannot drive her out with a pitchfork. I have seen one or two experiments in partridge-rearing tried on a small scale, and no one of them has succeeded. The first few weeks in the life of a partridge seem in some fashion to decide its character, and, if it is hard to make a hand-reared pheasant yield a good sporting-shot to the guns, it is doubly hard to deal successfully with partridges that have been tampered with in any way. The most successful partridge-rearing I have seen has been accomplished at the expense of very simple precautions and the exercise of a little common-sense. But, after all, weather is the deciding factor, and, if you get heavy rains before the little birds are properly fledged, the mud sticks to them, clogs their feet and half-grown feathers, and they die in their scores.

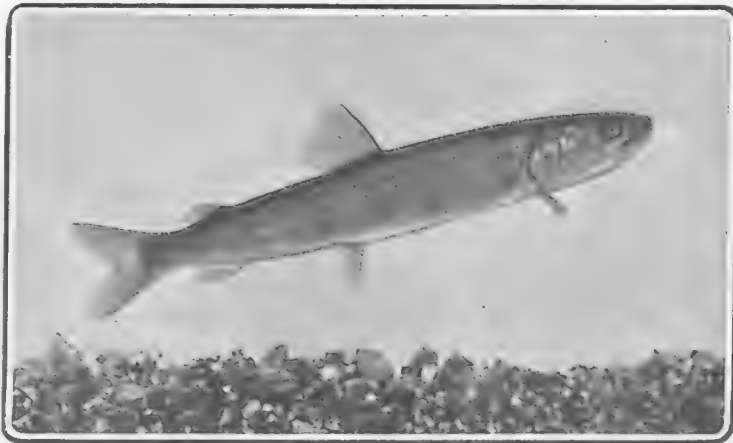
Partridge-Preserving.

The methods employed on the shoot I refer to have been exceedingly simple. The gamekeeper knows, of course, where all or most of the nests are. He has seen to it that no stoats, weasels, or hedgehogs flourish in the neighbourhood, and he keeps a sharp look-out for magpies, rooks, crows, and jays. On one or two banks where nests are thickest there is a little temporary wire-fencing on either side, and it is supposed to scare foxes. I do not know that it does that, but it would certainly make it rather difficult for a poaching fox to get away in a hurry should he venture into that neighbourhood. When the

drought is severe, and the little stream dries up, as it very often does in summer, certain shallow earthenware pans that have been sunk level with the ground are kept carefully filled. As far as is possible, taking into consideration the nature of the ground, the root-crops are kept somewhere about the centre of the farm, while patches of corn are left standing here and there, and in the hay-fields strips of grass are left uncut. No other measures are taken, and yet, in good years, the results are splendid, and in bad years they are considerably better than most. The owner of the land I write about has a deeply rooted objection to interfering with Nature in any way, and, as he is almost as devoted to hunting as to shooting, and is the master of a great fox-cover, some praise is due to the judgment and moderation that enable him to run birds and foxes in double-harness.

Foreign Foxes.

Of course, it is very difficult to say that a plan is absolutely right or absolutely wrong when you are dealing with partridges. The most careful of us cannot watch them with the same degree of certainty that comes to us in our dealings with the fox; but, if we may argue by analogy, it is surely best to leave Nature to do her own business in her own fashion. There has been a very big effort made in the past few years to improve the hunting in certain districts. Cubs have been deliberately taken—I had almost written, "stolen"—from one county and sent to another. Foreign foxes have been imported, sometimes with the distressing results to which I referred last week, and yet you will find very few hunting-men prepared to admit that any of the plans carried out at no little expenditure have had any lasting measure of success. If you import foxes, they will not thrive, and often introduce disease. The same remark applies if you take a fox from the North of England and set him loose in the South, or *vice versa*, though I believe Scottish foxes thrive in parts of Ireland. If Reynard comes from the hilly country, he is almost certain to be unable to do well for long on low-lying land. If he comes from low-lying land, he will most certainly not thrive among the hills. But if you leave the fox to Mother Nature, taking no more than such simple precautions as experience suggests, and letting a good fox live as long as he may, there will probably be very little to complain about. We do not know enough about fur and feather in these days to go experimenting on principles that are merely utilitarian, and I am inclined to believe that what is true of foxes will be found to be true of partridges.



NEW QUARRY FOR THE THAMES FISHERMAN: A FOUR-MONTHS-OLD HUCHEN, FOUR HUNDRED OF WHOSE BRETHREN HAVE BEEN TURNED INTO THE THAMES.

The huchen, hucho, huck, or salmo hucho, to give it all its names, is a salmonid of the Danube, is of long and slender form, is of silvery colour dotted with black, and has a flat snout and large teeth.

Photograph supplied by W. B. Boulton.



REARING THE NEW FISH FOR THE THAMES: NETTING YOUNG HUCHEN AT DENHAM.

With the laudable idea of replenishing the stock of fish in the Thames and of giving it additional variety, the Thames Salmon Association, represented by Mr. Gilbey, is rearing huchen at Denham. Four hundred of the fish have just been turned into the river.

Photograph supplied by W. B. Boulton.

YE OLDEST INHABITANT SPEAKS.



THE LADY TOURIST: Can you tell me if it's worth while going over the church? Is it a very old one?
YE OLDEST INHABITANT: Oh yes, Mum! It's a old 'un, sure enough. I've knowed it myself nigh on seventy year.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE Life of Lord Granville by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has prompted some very valuable contributions to recent history.

In the *Speaker*, Mr. G. Shaw-Lefevre has written a very elaborate and careful criticism from full knowledge, and Sir Rowland Blennerhassett contributes a scarcely less valuable survey to the *Outlook*. Mr. Lefevre says that the news that Lord Granville would not again be Foreign Secretary in the Home Rule Cabinet of 1896 was blurted out peremptorily to him by some unauthorised person. Mr. Gladstone, on hearing that his valuable colleague felt aggrieved, was very unhappy, and sent word at once to Lord Granville asking him to take the position of Premier, and saying that he himself would be ready to act as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Lefevre's comment, "This was obviously impossible," is beyond dispute. Lord Granville found his following in the House of Lords reduced to the miserable remnant who were in favour of Home Rule. From 1855, when he first assumed the position of Leader, to 1868, the two parties were not very unequally divided. Between 1868 and 1874 the Liberal Whip lost fifty of the Peers who had been on his list, and the majority of Conservatives was said to be over seventy. In 1880, the movement became more pronounced, but after the split of 1886 there remained not more than forty who could be relied upon to support the Liberal Government. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice says nothing in his biography about Lord Granville's pecuniary difficulties, but Mr. Shaw-Lefevre tells us that they were severe. Between 1872 and 1876 Lord Granville's private income, derived mainly from ironworks and collieries in Staffordshire, was very large, but later, owing to the fall of prices, the profits fell to zero and his financial troubles were serious. Altogether, the end of a brilliant and happy career was in shadow, though never for a moment in shame.

Sir Rowland Blennerhassett thinks that Lord Granville will not be regarded by posterity as one of the great Foreign Ministers of England. He tells an interesting story about the unfortunate speech in which Mr. Gladstone declared that Jefferson Davis had made a nation. The South was favoured by three representatives in the Cabinet, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Westbury, and Lord John Russell. Four men in the Cabinet held diametrically opposite views, and acted together on the American Question. These were Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Sir George Grey, Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Charles Villiers. A day or two after the speech had been delivered, each of these Ministers received a note from Lord Palmerston asking him to come and see him half-an-hour before the Cabinet met. When they were together, Lord Palmerston expressed strong disapprobation of Mr. Gladstone's speech and requested Lewis to take an opportunity of repudiating on the part of the Government the policy it seemed to

indicate. After some demur, Lewis consented, and made a speech which had an extraordinary effect in quieting public opinion both in England and in the United States. Thus it is clear that Lord Palmerston did not sympathise with a cause which appeared to be bound up with slavery.

The first complete and adequate biography of the American Southern poet, Sidney Lanier, has been written by Professor Mims, Editor of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*. Many letters are printed for the first time, and the life of Lanier is presented as far as possible in the poet's own words. He writes about his life as a student, Confederate

officer, lawyer, musician, University lecturer, poet, and man of letters. A separate chapter has been given to Southern literature after the war. The illustrations comprise portraits and facsimiles, and letters and manuscripts. Mr. G. W. Cable said to me recently that he regarded Lanier as the one great writer of the South.

Mr. C. F. Keary, speculating on the prospects of fiction, thinks that they are good. The novel will not give place to the drama. A play is not meant to be read, and the intellect works more freely in a quiet study at home than amid the distractions of the theatre.

Mr. Heinemann will publish a book by the great Danish physician, Dr. Oscar Bloch, discussing "The Great Mystery, Death." It is an exact, scientific inquiry into the phenomena attending death. The author strongly disputes the still popular theory of the terror of death.

I am not surprised that some Americans are beginning to ask questions about Mrs. Wharton's novel, "The House of Mirth." "Are the gentlemen who dwell in Fifth Avenue palaces, own

splendid country seats, and wear purple and fine linen every day, truly represented by the Trenors, the Dorsets, and the Rosedales of Mrs. Wharton's story? Are the wives of these men as heartless and immoral as Mrs. Wharton's fashionable women? Does being a rich man or woman conduce to the manners and slang of the Bowery? If so, why do we send missionaries to Japan or Timbuctoo?"

An article on Sir Henry Irving, from the pen of the late L. F. Austin, who was so long his secretary, appears in the *North American Review*. It was designed for publication at the time of Irving's projected visit to America, but has been inserted as an obituary notice. There was some talk about Mr. Austin writing an authoritative biography of Irving. The little sketch which he published many years ago under the pseudonym of "Frederick Daly" is out of print. It is thought in many quarters that the proper biographer of Irving is Bram Stoker. Mr. Stoker knew as much of Irving as any man, and his literary ability has been well proved.

O. O.



MR. LAWSON WOOD'S LATEST PEEP INTO PREHISTORIC TIMES: THE BRONTOS AND THE TOOTLE-BIRD.

"After breakfast they go for a row in the harbour. The Tootle-bird is very clever at managing a boat. Sandy Bronto, unfortunately, feels sea-sick."

Reproduced from a book for children, illustrated by Lawson Wood, and to be published by Valentine and Sons Dundee.



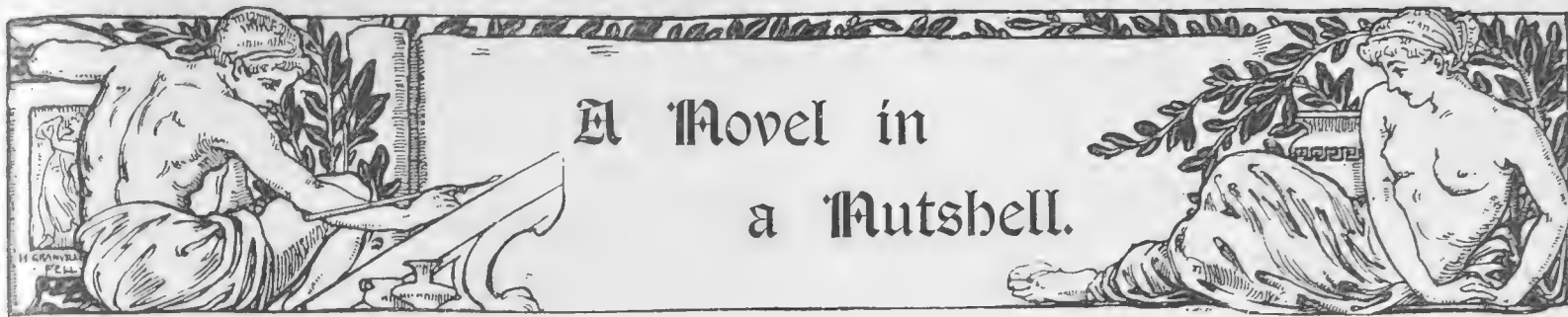
III.—THE OBSESSION OF THE INVALID.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATMAN.

INVENTIONS FOR OLYMPIA—STALL NOT YET ALLOTTED.



RENÉ BULL DEVOTES HIS INGENUITY TO THE MOTOR-CAR.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

"DON PARTINGO."

BY MARCUS REED.

YOU may, perchance, have heard of the Parting Millions—they are mentioned in the papers often enough—and they actually do exist, invested, I do not know how, by a paternal Government which takes care of them until a Parting can make good his claim to them. I have done that, over and over again: my name is William Vernon Parting, and my right to them seems to me as plain as a pikestaff; but, uncommon though the name is, there are other Partings, frauds the majority of them, and they all have, or think they have, made as good a claim as mine. Meanwhile the Government allows us to fight it out amongst ourselves until one of us is left to begin fighting the Government. We have as good a Government as any on this earth, but, as my father, another William Vernon, used to say: "You will find, my boy, that they mean to stick to our millions."

A year ago, my father being then alive, a speculative solicitor spent some pounds in advertising in English and foreign newspapers for the heirs, if any, of William Parting, of Norton Folgate, Middlesex, Tallow Chandler and Russia Merchant, who departed this life in the year of our Lord 1775. Partings, I am sorry to say, sprang up all over the world, like mushrooms in a dark cellar, in consequence of this unlucky advertisement. They came from Canada, from Lisbon, Stockholm, Venezuela, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Hong-Kong, Johannesburg, Croydon—from everywhere. I can now afford to laugh at it all, for I have thrown no good money after bad, and I have already had a good deal of enjoyment and fun out of the affair; but my father was furious with these fraudulent Partings, and so angry with the solicitor who started all these hares, or rather, hounds, that he would have nothing more to do with him, and for a few months, until his death, employed another who took his fees but did little else. Meanwhile there are the three millions, untouchable, invested, I have no doubt, in gilt-edged securities by the paternal Government aforesaid, and we have all those hungry Partings to deal with, the Venezuelan barking the loudest and being the most astonishing of them all.

I will say nothing here of the merits or demerits of the other claimants. Their first and best asset was, in every case but one, the name they bore, the rest being more or less manufactured to fit each special case; but a queerer claimant than this man from South America never answered an advertisement. Señor Don Enrico Jesu Maria Partingo, from some Hacienda del Sol near Caracas, was the biggest fraud of them all—as lean and brown as a shrivelled nut, no more English blood in him than will go in a thimble; but he swore his great-grandfather lived in Norton Folgate, Bishopsgate—Episbogatt, as he calls it—and the papers he brought, some as brown as himself, stamped, sealed, and attested by sundry Consuls probably as fraudulent as himself, were a dirty sight to behold.

He spoke a sort of broken English, what was supposed to be left of it in the third or fourth generation; but his daughter, Luisa Concepcion, helped him out with it, and she spoke it sweetly, having, as she told me, been educated at an English school at Lima. Charming though she was, I will not and cannot call her cousin even many times removed, for Don Jesu Maria was not only in name a pious fraud, but by every other evidence a shocking impostor, root and branch.

At a first meeting I proposed provisionally, if we liked each other's credentials, which was not very probable, to pool our chances; and, being very much taken by Luisa Concepcion's sweet looks and beauty (remember I am only twenty-six and the youngest Parting alive), I said the young lady ought to have a share for herself for her trouble in coming and improving the look of a somewhat frowsy Committee. Señor Partingo understood this jocular remark very well, none better.

"But I have others childer," said the distinguished foreigner, rolling a cigarette between his yellow fingers. "Zey all rest on me, what you call lean on me, for a living like caballeros. Zey are onry and I keep zem."

"You are more than welcome," I said. This conversation took place at a meeting convened by me at the Cannon Street Hotel, where the Don had put up on coming to London, and they were all present, from Hong-Kong to Croydon, and a lively time we had of it.

"Father means," explained Luisa Concepcion, laughing, "that all

his twelve children must have equal shares. I have eleven brothers and sisters, but they are not exactly hungry, I hope; father has a funny way of speaking."

"Oh well, as to that, Mademoiselle Luisa, has your esteemed father ever heard of dividing a certain bear's-skin?"

"I often shoot ze jaguar upon ze mountains, ze Sierra de Merida: Crack! pouf!" exclaimed Don Enrico, levelling his walking-stick with superfluous mimicry, "but always take ze whole hides for meeself like."

"Not this one, if I know it," I said. "Let us come to the point and examine our credentials. Your papers, Señor—your certifications, as you call them—may not hold water in a Court of Law, for what we know."

"They won't," said the Croydon Parting, sombrely, though he had not even seen them yet. "That they won't!" cried Liverpool and Portsmouth together. Instinctively we all sided against the Don, while the farmer from Ashby said, staring deliberately in Don Enrico's brown face, "Since you ask my opinion . . . mind, since you want to know, Mounseer, I think you are a dam swindler!"

"Order, order!" I said, hardly able to keep from laughing, the Don waved his lemon kid-gloves so deprecatingly, unable to find English words to meet the occasion. Privately, I believe that this honest fellow from Ashby-de-la-Zouch is as plainly a great-great-grandson of old William, the tallow-chandler, as I am myself. We have a portrait in oils of the original Parting; he had a Roman nose—so have I; so has the farmer. The Don has no nose worth mentioning. I don't know that this coincidence would go very far in a Court of Law, but every little helps.

We proceeded with the examination of the several proofs. The Don never left hold of his documents, one corner being always held fast between his finger and thumb while we looked at them. Some of his papers were very old and English, some new and Spanish, covered all over with improbable official stamps. The Liverpool man, who was in the shipping line and knew something of foreign countries and Consuls, suddenly took me aside.

"They're all right, you know," he said, in a disconcerted tone. "I know nearly all the signatures. Webster at Caracas would not put his fist to anything queer. Besides, the attested copies of English church-registers are English home-made and genuine enough. It may seem unlikely, but this fellow is the eldest son of the eldest son of old William, and he could scoop the lot, that's my belief."

Being myself no more than a son of a second son of a nephew, with a hitch in between which can easily be filled, this startling information took the wind out of my sails, and I said so. "We have taken too much for granted," I said. "If we advertise again, we may raise old William himself. The world may be peopled with Partings, for what we know."

"No matter," said the Liverpool man, cheerfully; "there's enough for us all. I merely claim descent through a brother; that means a small slice, anyhow, if this pirate doesn't take it all."

The result of the meeting, unsatisfactory though it was for some of us, proved to be serious enough for us to place the whole matter once more in a trusted solicitor's hands, and this legal luminary, a Mr. Smithers, of Idol Lane, E.C., while shaking his head over some of our claims (but that proved little, for he even shook his learned head over mine), pronounced distinctly in favour of that brought forward by the pirate.

"That man there," he said, pointing to Don Jesu Maria, "practically owns this magnificent fortune. Allow me to congratulate you, sir. You have not got it yet—there's many a slip in these matters—but it is always gratifying to possess clear legal proofs to anything in this world. One never knows what it may lead to. If ever you get it, you can do much good with so much wealth."

"Public libraries," suggested the Canadian, who was of a sarcastic turn of mind, "or feed the 'onry'—there must be plenty where he comes from, if looks go for anything."

"Sir," said the pirate, rising excitedly, his black, beady eyes sparkling, "I buy ze Republique of Venezuela wiz it . . . I rule it

like a Just . . . I surprise ze world . . . I respeck ze rights of ze asylum. . . . And to-day," he added, as a happy after-thought and anti-climax, "to-day I invite ze company to dinner!" He looked round exultingly, until his eye fell on the farmer, who sat patiently twirling his thumbs. (The lawyer, by-the-bye, seemed to think that this humble man would have had the best chance if the Don had stayed where he was.) "This caballero call me swindler."

"A swindlero, if you understand that better," said this man of peace. "The manager of the County Bank at Ashby can tell you I'm a man of substance; I've neither chick nor child to hurt, and I'll fight you for what I'm worth, you blackaballero!"

The man of dark complexion looked uneasy, as well he might. Here was already the first of the many slips the lawyer had mentioned. He consulted the sarcastic man from Brandon, who sat next to him, and, prompted by this sagacious colonist, he went up to the farmer with outstretched yellow hand. "Right—all right," he said, with his uneasy smile. "You are a witty. Come to ze dinner; no ceremonies; no clothes—of ze evening, I mean." Thus for the moment peace was restored, but the farmer winked at me knowingly. The lawyer must have rather regretted the loss of a little action for defamation of character, but he made up for it by coming to the dinner.

This feast was a great success at starting. They are used, at this hotel, to many curious meetings of shareholders in exotic undertakings, but I doubt if there ever was a stranger entertainment. The walls that have often re-echoed the cries of duped shareholders now resounded with the cheers hailing a successful claimant to a fortune in which we all hoped to share. I sat next to Luisa Concepcion, and by the time of the crackers, which she pulled valiantly with me, "Pouf! crack!" as her worthy father would have said if he had not been otherwise engaged, we had become very intimate, and much of what went on was lost on us. But we had all insisted on drinking, each in his turn, with the fortunate Don, whose English blood, if any, was so diluted that our undiluted beverages had too powerful an effect on the sober Southern part of him. Between the fish and the joint he told cheerful lies which his dialect and exuberant action made amusing enough; but before the ice-pudding was reached he became quarrelsome and patronising. I half-believe he appointed the Hong-Kong man to be Prime Minister of his Republic, and they quarrelled over the salary. A little later, over the raisins and almonds, a sudden hubbub and angry shouts warned us that the smouldering quarrel between Don Jesu and the farmer had broken out afresh, and violently this time. I do not know what Farmer John had said to rouse his drunken fury, but, when I looked reluctantly away from Luisa's beautiful eyes, I saw the South American suddenly fling a wine-glass at him, crying, "Take zat! Zis must be washed in your blood!" He then dived hurriedly into his coat-pocket, and, with an unsteady hand, flung a card after the glass. The glass only hit a waiter, and the card fell on the solicitor's plate.

Luisa Concepcion, turning deadly pale and casting an anxious but angry look at her father, quickly put out a dainty hand to cover the bit of pasteboard, but the solicitor was too quick for her. Taking no notice of the girl's appealing glances, he looked at the card and pocketed it with a knowing nod, proceeding to peel a pear as if nothing had happened. Meanwhile, the Don was struggling with the Canadian, who had observed a suspicious movement of the yellow hand towards the hip-pocket where backwoodsmen and Dons usually keep a small "crack-pouf" of their own, and, with the help of Liverpool, tied the Don's hands together with a napkin.

What were we to do? He was now mad-drunk and dangerous, but it was really our own fault, for his countrymen are abstemious, as a rule, and we had more or less forced drink on him. Besides, we had eaten the man's salt, together with the things that go with it, and very good things they had been. We all rose in confusion, but the solicitor calmly buttonholed the farmer from Ashby.

"I rather think, sir, your chances are looking up, but I won't say more at present. Get him up to his bedroom, and to-morrow, when he is sober, bring him to my office. We may yet prove him to be a swindlero, but, mind you, do not say so again, for it is actionable, even in Spanish."

Don Jesu Maria came very late to the office next day, and while we waited for him the solicitor showed us the card he had kept. It ran—

LUIS MONTERO,
16 Calle Christophero,
CARACAS.

Bording House. (English spoke.)

"He did not know what he was doing, and I could see by the girl's face that he had given himself away," said the solicitor. "Her name is Luisa too, and very useful he must find her for the English

spoke. This Caracas Partingo, however, if he is still alive, which I now much doubt, is undoubtedly the rightful heir; but this fellow, you will see, isn't a Parting or a Partingo, but a Montero. I went first thing this morning to the Consul-General, and he is very well, or, I should say, very badly known there. No doubt, he could produce a few false witnesses to swear to him over there, but I wonder if he has brought any here with him. Our next step, if my surmises are correct, will be to advertise for the real Enrico Jesu Maria Partingo—"

"Yes," said the Canadian, drily, "and get the whole blessed Republic over here! There are only a hundred thousand or so of them, all told, and 'ongry' every man-jack of them. You'll have to get a larger office, Mr. Smithers."

"I'll fight them all," said the farmer from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, whose blood was up since the Don offered to wash in it. "I'm a man of substance, as the manager of the—"

"Yes, we know all that," interrupted Liverpool, curtly. "For heaven's sake don't advertise for more, Smithers; there's fourteen of us already, all resting—what you call leaning—on this money to live like caballeros. Is there no way of dividing it, by an amicable arrangement, amongst the Partings you've got so far?"

"I'm agreeable," said the farmer. "There's enough for us all if you keep that swindler out."

"That's very handsome of you, Mr. Parting," said the solicitor; "but I'm afraid even a paternal Government, as my friend here calls it, must draw the line somewhere. . . . Ah, here's our distinguished friend at last!"

After some stumbling on the stairs, Croydon and Portsmouth brought in their prisoner. "He would rather not have come," they explained, "but we made him."

He certainly looked rather unwilling, though his line of defence took us entirely by surprise. His daughter had, of course, told him what a fool he had made of himself, and he was not unprepared.

"Own up, old chap!" cried the vernacular Canadian, in high glee, not giving Mr. Smithers time to take the lead that was his due. "The game's up; your cock won't fight! Tell us where this Jesu Maria is, and we'll let you off."

"In ze heavens," said Don Montero, unmoved. "Muerte. He is a dead. His soul is wif ze saints," and the old sinner devoutly crossed himself. "Been there nine months. But," he continued, triumphantly, "I am his hair! I execute him! I what you call assign him."

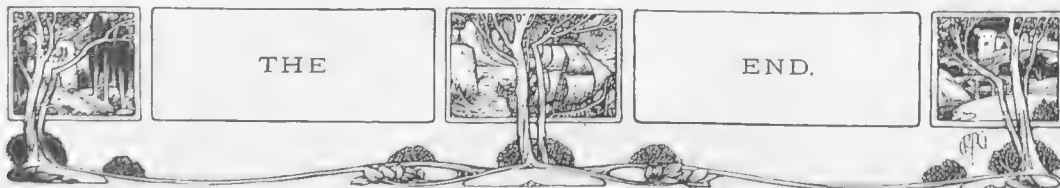
"Can you prove this?" asked the solicitor, seriously; there always is a chance of things being true.

"Ze testamento is in Caracas," said the Don, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, as if a bit of paper was of no consequence compared with the word of a hidalgo.

"Then you had better go and fetch it," said Mr. Smithers. "Bring it here some day; there's no hurry, you know. We rather like to see original things here; it's bound to be that in one way if not in another. Now, how about your great-grandfather? And how do you account for calling yourself Don Enrico?"

"I adopt him, and ze property, by testamento," said this delightful rogue, promptly. He had an answer for everything; but, nevertheless, he left the office that morning rather crestfallen, and up to the time of my writing this we have not heard from him again; doubtless, knowing his weak point now, he is forging a testamento somewhere. This is also the solicitor's opinion. "It is a singular thing," said Mr. Smithers, "but the fellow's second line of defence, though an after-thought, is ever so much stronger than his first. If he can manufacture a decent will that holds water—I mean, forge a few lines that we cannot actually *prove* to be a forgery, and, if he is careful, I do not see how we could do it—he can claim, as Montero, more successfully than any of you. Depend on it, we shall hear from him again. Not that he will get the money. I dare say nobody ever will."

Meanwhile, we have heard, through the Consulate, that Don Enrico, of the Hacienda del Sol, the true heir, is dead enough, though they doubt whether he is with the saints, he having been a ranchero of indifferent repute in the matter of cattle-stealing. Montero must have been in his confidence somehow; he may have patronised the "Bording House" in the Calle Christophero, and our Don may have secured his papers at his death. The new heir, for whom we all entertain a high regard, Farmer John Parting of Ashby, owing to the law's well-known delays, has not got the money yet, and may not get it while he lives. But he paid Mr. Smithers's bill like a gentleman, he asked us all to some shooting in Leicestershire, and meanwhile the paternal Government has still the best of it, so far.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



NEXT Tuesday afternoon Mr. Bernard Shaw's long-paragraphed play, "Major Barbara," is to be produced at the Court. So many people having asserted that Mr. Shaw does not write plays, he has evidently determined to meet them on their own ground and disarm their criticism, for he calls his work "a discussion in three Acts." Admirable in the highest degree is the list of those who will take part in the "discussion," seeing that it includes the names of Miss Rosina Filippi, Miss Geraldine Olliffe, Miss Dorothy Minto, and Miss Annie Russell, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Dawson Milward, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Oswald Yorke, and Mr. Louis Calvert.

Miss Annie Russell is sure to be cordially welcomed; playgoers have not forgotten the delicacy of her acting in "Sue," at the Garrick. Her appearance is marked by another of those pleasant domestic notes in which the public is always so interested; for in private life she is Mrs. Oswald Yorke.

Miss Dorothy Minto is a striking example of the value of success. When, a little while ago, she played Juliet in what has come to be known as the "boy and girl" "Romeo and Juliet" production, everyone

spoke highly of her, and her success as Hedvig in "The Wild Duck" was a personal triumph which led to her immediate engagement at the Imperial Theatre, so that her work in Mr. Shaw's play is certain to be carefully considered by the critics.

Miss Minto's predecessor as Hedvig, Miss Winifred Fraser, whose acting in that character was hailed as possessing a quality something akin to genius, is now winning golden opinions in Australia as Phoebe of the Ringlets, the part created by Miss Ellaline Terriss in "Quality Street."

After a brilliantly successful tour in the provinces, Mr. Cyril Maude will return to town after the end of this week, and will be seen on Monday at the Kennington Theatre in "Beauty and the Barge." He will act in the suburbs during the following fortnight—at the King's, Hammersmith, and the Coronet—an arrangement which will enable him to complete his preparations for opening The Playhouse, in which he may be almost regarded as being at home, for some of his letters have already been written from that address. Among the plays he has accepted is a new one by Mr. Neil Munro, the well-known novelist, who will thus make his début in the theatrical world under the happiest auspices.

More than ordinary interest will attach to Mr. Hare's playing at the Coronet Theatre this evening and to-morrow, since it marks his appearance in what is, to all intents and purposes, a new character, Julius Sterne in Mr. Sydney Grundy's revised version of "An Old Jew," a play which was produced some years ago at the Garrick. Revised versions of plays are by no means always successful, but this seems to be an exception to the general rule, and Mr. Hare's performance has been enthusiastically praised in the provincial cities in which the play has been seen.

For a long time there have been rumours of Mr. Hare's pending retirement, but his own words show that, so far as London is concerned, the time has not yet come.

The importance of the personal view in the treatment of a classic play is shown in a striking manner in the revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which Mr. Otho Stuart has announced for Saturday evening next at the Adelphi. When Mr. Tree gave the play he engaged Miss Julia Neilson for Oberon, and Mrs. Tree undertook Titania. In this way the fairy element was assured of dominant consideration, for the public interest, of course, centred in two such popular favourites. It is, no doubt, the recollection of the fact that he used often to play the part of the Fairy King himself that has induced Mr. Otho Stuart to readjust, as it were, the sex balance of

Fairyland, and give Oberon to a man. Mr. Walter Hampden, who has become so important a member of the Adelphi Company, will assume the character, while Miss Roxy Barton will be Titania, and Miss Beatrice Ferrar will be Puck. Among the mortals, Miss Lily Brayton will play Helena, Miss Frances Dillon, who was for some time understudying the leading parts at His Majesty's, will play Hermia, and Mr. Oscar Asche Bottom.

Mr. Walter Stephens, who, it will be remembered, offered £5,000 towards the permanent establishment of a National Repertory Theatre in the West-End of London, on condition that the public would subscribe £20,000 to the same object, was educated for the legal profession, but, after having passed his first examination, was compelled by ill-health to give up thoughts of the Bar. A period of travel was followed by various private secretaryships to prominent people, and these posts by literary and dramatic work. Mr. Stephens is part-author of "Brown of Brighton," and author of other plays. He has recently taken up reading for the Bar again.

The aims of the Irish National Theatre Society have been summed up by Mr. W. B. Yeats as "good play-writing, good speaking, and good acting." The London public will have the opportunity of judging these points on Monday and Tuesday next, when four performances will be given at St. George's Hall, and seven plays will be produced by the Company from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. At both matinées a double and at both the evening performances a triple bill will be presented. On Monday afternoon the programme will consist of Mr. J. M. Synge's "The Well of the Saints" and Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News." The latter will be repeated in the evening, with "On Baile's Strand" and "Kathleen ni Houlihan," by Mr. W. B. Yeats, while on Tuesday afternoon "The Land," by Padraig Colum, and "In the Shadow of the Glen," by Mr. J. M. Synge, will



DAINTY "ROGUES AND VAGABONDS": MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE AND MISS DORIS DEAN AT THE EMPIRE.

"We are playfolk and liable to be whipped at the cart's-tail as rogues and vagabonds."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

be performed, and in the evening Mr. Yeats's two pieces will be repeated, with "The Building Fund," by Mr. W. Boyle.

Mr. Synge, by the way, is one of the band of British authors welcomed in Germany, for "The Well of the Saints" has been translated by Dr. Max Meyerfeld, and has been accepted for production at the Deutsches Theater, Berlin.

Germany, indeed, has been honouring our dramatists of late, for, after its enthusiasm over Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and Bernard Shaw's plays, it has been seeing the work of Mr. Stephen Phillips, whose play, "The Sin of David," will, as a matter of fact, be done in German before it is acted in the language in which it was written.

KEY-NOTES

THE patronage promised by Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg for the Calabrian Concert which took place at Covent Garden on Sunday, the 19th inst., seems to have had a great influence on the public. There was a very large demand for seats, and the concert promised to be a great success. We trust that before these lines will appear in print that success will have been fulfilled.

Judging "Gwenevere" from a purely musical point of view, it is easily proved that Mr. Vincent Thomas looks forward to fulfil in some respects the ideals and the thoughts of Wagner, who was capable of combining the two elements of literature and music. Mr. Ernest Rhys and Mr. Thomas have attempted such a combination, but, unfortunately, the union of two brains has, from a standpoint which we at present have to take up, not made the success which, after all, remains to the original master. This point may be explained easily. After all, although Wagner wrote his own libretti quite apart, as it seemed to the public, from the music, the music was with him all the time, and because he was an egotist his music precisely suited his literary genius. Now, whatever may be said of the book which Mr. Ernest Rhys has compiled upon the subject of "Gwenevere," it is certain that Mr. Vincent Thomas, with all his cleverness, has not quite reached the real tragedy which is embodied in our English literature. He writes pleasantly, and we have no doubt that in future he will produce work worthy of his own intelligence and of the intelligence of a good librettist.

The production of Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" once more revived a rather overworked idea that the Italian modern school has possibly been too insistent in its appeal to the present public. There is no doubt that this opera will rank among the best works of that strange discipleship which belongs half to Verdi and half to Wagner. Let the point be explained. Verdi, in his earlier career, created work which most undoubtedly will rank among the final works of art which this generation will accept; Verdi, in his later career, seems to have created a form of art which, although quite modern, still has a touch of the old school which makes it partly modern and partly ancient. But Signor Giordano has accepted Verdi partly at the point of his middle period and partly at the point of his later period; the result is that you have in "Andrea Chenier" an opera which appeals to men of quite distinct points of view. The problem which Signor Giordano has laid before us is this: Will it appeal to posterity?

Whether or not this question is relevant, there is no doubt that the performance was admirable at Covent Garden on the 11th ult. Madame Strakosch, who took the part of Maddalena, was not quite up to her usual level, perhaps; but Signor Zenatello in the name-part

sang wonderfully well, and acted with extreme dignity, and also with a large feeling for the part. Signor Mugnone conducted admirably, and with that all that needs to be said has been said.

Casanuova has long been the hero of many reminiscences, for the greater part of which he has himself been responsible. To be a hero of this kind may possibly be somewhat cheap; but when really good musicians take up such a hero as the central figure of their dramatic conceptions, then, indeed, he may feel himself in that world from which no traveller returns, a great man indeed. Lest this reference

should provoke contradiction, it may be remembered that Berlioz has written a series of papers connected with the artists who meet together in another world, and it is from that point of view that this particular comment has been made. Why Casanuova should have been made a central figure by so many writers, such as Pulvermacher, Strauss (he of the waltz fame), Lanner, and Lortzing, is one of those mysteries which inevitably attract the critic to some possibility of solution. Berlioz, for example, was immensely attracted by the figure of Benvenuto Cellini, whose magnificent gold-chased work in the Vatican remains for all time a tribute to art, and yet who, by his own record, remains among the scoundrels of all time. The artist seems invariably to deal with the artist whose work, magnificent in expression, is in life probably the lowest of its kind. Mozart, for example, was immensely interested in the life of Don Giovanni; yet it is not on record that Mozart had any personal sympathy with the supposed career of his hero as devised by Da Ponte.

A Patti Concert is now a matter which so far concerns the public that it includes an element of popularity which no other sort of concert could actually accomplish. The other day, Madame Patti gave the one concert which she chooses to give during the present season, assisted by Madame Kirkby Lunn,

Mr. William Green, Mr. Mark Hambourg, and Kreisler. Madame Patti was in excellent voice, and sang "Il Bacio," "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," and "Pur Dicasti" with extraordinary vigour and youthfulness of voice. It need not be considered as any slight upon Madame Patti when one says that, in a certain register of her voice, her beauty of expression is as fine as it has been for a long time; of course, after a few years certain points in the greatest singer's voice frequently become a little hard, a little unsympathetic; but Madame Patti has this peculiar quality, that she retains so many beautiful characteristics in the expression of certain notes that one cannot exactly praise without an expression of wonder. Mr. William Green sang Charles Willeby's "Crossing the Bar" wonderfully well. Mr. Green should take this matter to heart—that he should acquaint himself with modern music, and not permit his art to withdraw itself into the period when the ballad alone was considered popular.

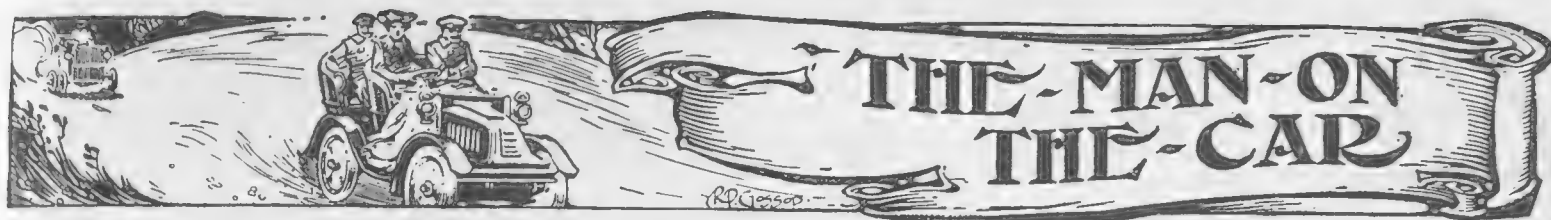
COMMON CHORD.



SIGNOR BATTISTINI, THE FAMOUS BARITONE WHO IS SINGING AT COVENT GARDEN.

Signor Battistini returned to London last week after an absence that has lasted, we believe, more than a quarter of a century, and appeared on Wednesday night as the ill-fated jester in Verdi's "Rigoletto." The enthusiasm of the house was remarkable, and the more remarkable because it was very clearly a house that had not assembled to be enthusiastic. Battistini's reputation is cosmopolitan. From St. Petersburg to Lisbon, from Stockholm to Naples, he is proclaimed one of the finest singers and actors that the operatic world has known. To-morrow (Thursday) "Don Giovanni" is to be put on, that he may sing the title-role, and for last night he was billed to sing the part of Valentine in "Faust."

Photograph by Lorens.



HONOURS FOR TROPHY-WINNERS—CLEAR DESIGN AND FINE WORK—FOG CONQUERS ALL LIGHT—HUMBER NOT TO BE MISSED AT OLYMPIA—WHERE TO LEARN TO DRIVE YOUR OWN CAR—A GREAT EXAMPLE—THE MUD-SPLASHING SCANDAL—MOTOR-GARMENTS IN STAGELAND.

IT has lately become the custom of certain firms interested in the motoring industry to give a nice little dinner to which they bid their friends of the Press and others in order to introduce anything new upon which they may be engaged. Just lately, Messrs. Legros and Knowles and Messrs. Rolls and Co. followed this practice, the first-named at the Hôtel Cecil, where many interested people were

to draw attention to various makes of cars, nothing that I can remember has surpassed the Humber performance.

A Motor Academy where a car-owner can betake himself with his newly purchased toy, and there in peace and quiet be introduced to all its idiosyncrasies, in addition to its internal-mechanical economy, is a place that, to speak tritely, must fill a long-felt want. The agent or dépôt-manager who sells a car has seldom time, patience, or the staff to instruct his customer fully and thoroughly, and in such manner that, if the latter does not intend to look after his car himself, he will know whether his paid driver is doing the right thing, and, if not, be able to set him right. Such an Academy with a very large driving-area at its disposal has already been established in West London, and there students will be taught that which they come to learn, and will not be pressed to purchase accessories or anything else.

Other successful Companies besides the Daimler Motor Company might well follow the lead of the now prospering Coventry house and make a substantial donation to the funds of the Motor Union. The Daimler Company have put down £250, a sum which they can, of course, well afford out of their profit of £83,000 odd, but which is, nevertheless, a healthy example to other Companies as fortunately situated. The Wolseley Motor Company have, I understand, forwarded a generous donation to the Fund, but there are two or more firms whose shareholders would not suffer if a portion of their profits found its way into the coffers of the Union. Car-owners should not be expected to do all the fighting and all the paying.

During the recent muddy weather, bitter complaints have been heard from the feminine sections of Suburbia as to the thoughtless and careless manner in which cars are driven along sloppy, puddley suburban roads, often so close to the pavement that everyone thereon receives a deluge of filth as the motor rushes by. As usual, the cars driven by paid drivers are the worst offenders, but the feminine occupants of these cars are very much to blame for not devoting some thought to the cherished garments of their pedestrian sisters. Much feeling is caused in the districts of outer London by the selfish practice of driving heavily tyred cars fast through mud and slush and drenching everyone passed upon the side-walks.

All motoring ladies should take an opportunity of inspecting the motor-dresses worn in the last Act of "Mr. Popple of Ippleton," now



A FEATURE OF THE OLYMPIA SHOW: THE DASHBOARD OF A 16-20 H.P. HUMBER.

introduced to the "Iris" car and its many engrossing points; and the latter at the Trocadero, where Mr. Royce, the designer and builder of the Tourist Trophy runner-up, and Mr. Percy Northey, who drove the car in the race, were presented by Messrs. Rolls and Co. with handsomely tooled silver cigar-boxes and framed pictures of the celebrated car as she took the road that memorable day, as a slight recognition of their dual services.

The "Iris" car produced by Messrs. Legros and Knowles is an instance of the perfection British mechanical talent can bring to a home-produced automobile when the talent applied to the task is of the right order. At the festivity in question, the four-cylinder "Iris" engine, the new gear-box, and the back-axle were shown in an ante-room, and all the experts who examined them were loud in praise of the skill and thought evidenced in their design and the irreproachable workmanship exhibited by the parts. There are traces of Daimler practice to be found therein, but one cannot marvel at that, seeing that Mr. de Havilland, who was until lately the designer to the Daimler Motor Company of Coventry, has taken service under the Legros and Knowles banner.

Fog is not a thing to be lightly regarded by motorists, for it holds up cars both by day and night more than anything else. It is curious, but no less a fact, that a horse and trap can get through a fog at greater speed than a motor-car, without lights, and does even better when the lamps are lighted. Of course, the natural instinct of the quadruped and its driver is of value, while the engine within the bonnet, however willing, is unable to afford the man at the wheel any sense of direction. Acetylene lamps make so much for the safety of the motorist at night that it is more than disappointing to find how worse than useless they are when Fog is King. In the early days of electric-light it was asserted that the rays of this illuminant would pierce fog through and through, but this has not been found to be the case. The new Bleriot light, produced by the impingement of oxygen and petrol and vapour upon a lozenge of rare earths, has yet to show what it can do against dank and mist.

When at Olympia, care should be taken not to miss the Stand of Messrs. Humber and Co., who are staging several examples of their Beeston and Coventry made cars. The eye-opener of the motor industry is still the 8-10 horse-power four-cylinder Humber, which recently ran from London to Coventry on top-speed, a speed which was tested to be equal on the level to forty miles an hour. Of all the non-stop, top-speed tests which have been achieved of late



ACTRESS AND AUTOMOBILIST: MISS MABEL LOVE AND HER HUMBER LANDAUETTE.

playing at the Apollo Theatre. It is not improbable that the Ladies' Automobile Club will arrange a Ladies' Club night at the theatre in question, for the purpose of giving a general verdict upon Mr. Percy Anderson's designs. It was suggested that these costumes should be made entirely of red; but, as a matter of fact, they are all in cream-coloured blanketing—a material good enough for stage-motoring, but terribly porous for Simon Pure. However, the design, and not the stuff, is the thing, and it is claimed that the former, though not elaborate, is original and practical.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

MANCHESTER—APPRENTICES—STEEPLECHASING—RACING NEWS.

IT is to be hoped that the Manchester November Meeting will not be postponed this year, as was the case last year. All being well, there will be some capital sport witnessed at Castle Irwell this week, and the going should suit the mudlarks and cripples to a nicety. The November Handicap has attracted a good-class acceptance, and the winner should take some finding. As I have before stated, Long Tom is expected, and he is bound to run well. The hope of the North is Bibiani, although not a few think that Cliftonhall's day has arrived at last. Alec Taylor will, no doubt, find a dangerous candidate to represent the all-conquering Manton stable, and the best of his lot should not want for backing when the numbers go up. I shall go solid for Long Tom, and I am told Spinning Minnow is good business for a place. The Eglinton Nursery may be won by Don Q., who, up to now, has been a disappointment, and I like Love Song for the Lancashire Nursery.

Wheatley, who will head the winning jockeys' list of 1905, is a very fine rider. He is an unassuming boy, just out of his apprenticeship, which makes his present position the more meritorious. Madden has done very well this year, so has Maher; but the feature of the season has been the riding of Templeman, an apprentice of Hallick, the Lambourne trainer. The lad is a masterpiece in the saddle. He never loses his head, is quiet, and always has heart in his work. If I am not sadly out in my judgment, Templeman will get plenty of riding after he loses his claim to the 5 lb. allowance. Colonel Walker, who heads the list of winning owners, may be said to have had his ups-and-downs this year. Just when we all hoped that Colonia and Black Arrow would carry all before them, they cut up badly. I trust both animals will mend their manners next year, as Colonel Walker is an ornament to the Turf. W. Robinson, who heads the winning trainers' list, has to thank Colonel Walker's horses for his present position, although he won the Two Thousand Guineas with Vedas, who was leased by Mr. de Wend Fenton from Lady Meux. Robinson graduated in the Captain Machell school. He is a good judge of horses and of placing them. Mrs. Robinson often wears a beautiful brooch with the name "Merry Gal" studded in diamonds—I presume, as a memento of Colonel Walker's useful animal.

I am not sorry that apprentices will be debarred from claiming the 5-lb. allowance in big handicaps next year, as the 10 lb. of elastic which is now in the hands of owners is apt to upset the calculations of little punters. On the other hand, the presence of several apprentices in the saddle prevents the "farming" of races by unprincipled backers, who in the days of long ago were, according to racing gossips, able to work the arrangement dodge to a nicety. Some say that

in the race for a big handicap at Newmarket some time in the last century there were only two triers in a field of over twenty. The presence of apprentices in big handicaps would, to a very great extent, kill the work of a jockey-ring altogether. I have heard that in the bad old days a horse that had been readied was always put under the charge of an outside jockey, known to be under suspicion, when the coup was expected to synchronise.



SPORTSMAN AND PHILANTHROPIST:
MR. WASHINGTON SINGER, WHO HAS GIVEN
£1,000 TO THE QUEEN'S FUND FOR THE
UNEMPLOYED.

Mr. Singer, who was amongst the first to support the Queen's Fund for the Unemployed, is one of the best-known figures in the world of sport, and is Master of the South Devon Hunt.

Photograph by Langflier.

fees; but the money is well spent, since it is possible to beat the telegraph-wire by some minutes. I say "possible" advisedly, for I have shown over and over again that science has not, up till now,

devised any scheme capable of forestalling the telegraph-wires when they are properly worked. In the case of all big races, when the "G.P.O." officials make service-messages of the results, they are seldom beaten, but with their ordinary methods in vogue they are always behind the telephone-messages. My old friend, the late Mr. Mason, who had charge of the travelling telegraph-staff, tried very hard at times to move the "gods" within, but red tape always got the better of his efforts. All the delay, I believe, takes place at the London end of the wires simply because those in authority at the "G.P.O." do not know the value of the messages they handle. I tried to move the late Lord Wolverton, but nothing came of it, and I do not suppose that Lord Stanley, sportsman though he be, could infuse the least bit of life into the daily routine of the inside man, whose motto is, "As it was in the beginning," etc. CAPTAIN COE.



A RESULT OF THE ACCIDENTS TO AMERICAN RIVER-STEAMBOATS: A NEW
LIFE-FLOAT CAPABLE OF SUPPORTING THIRTY PEOPLE.

The fires and other disasters that have overtaken the steamboats plying on American rivers have drawn attention to the uselessness of many life-buoys and of other life-saving apparatus, with the result that a life-float has been invented. To all intents and purposes, this is a large, oval life-buoy, fitted with a wooden-slatted floor, suspended from it by ropes in such a manner that it drops about two feet into the water when people stand on it. Light oars are attached to each float, and the apparatus varies in size from 6 feet by 3 feet 6 inches, which will support four persons, to 12 feet by 8 feet, which will carry thirty.

The test illustrated took place in New York Harbour.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WHEN King George of Greece made touching allusion to his Royal sister at the Mansion House last week as "your beautiful and beloved Queen," he but echoed the sentiments of every British Islander, to whom Alexandra of England stands as the synonym for every feminine grace. The Queen's last impulsive act of sympathy with the poor and forlorn finds an echo in every

the foreground; but, after all, *il faut manger*, and it is but reason and common-sense that when we must pay for our daily bread we should endeavour to have it of the best. Therefore, a little pamphlet on Christmas fare and how to prepare it, just issued by Bird, of Egg-powder fame, will appeal to every housekeeper. There are recipes for preparing the traditional plum-pudding and mince-pies, as well as such lighter classics as trifle and tipsy-cake, not to add fruit custards and jellies, all of which are greatly assisted to their consummation and appreciation by Bird's Custard, Egg, Jelly, and Blanc-mange Powders. A little book, called "Pastry and Sweets," with over a hundred recipes, can be had post free, as well as the Christmas pamphlet, by writing to Alfred Bird and Sons, Limited, Birmingham.

It used to be a reproach against the people of these islands that Englishwomen especially had no taste in dress, as their men had no knowledge of good food; but our Continental cousins may see for themselves that we have changed all that when next they pay London a visit. We still go to Paris for the greatest number of our clothes, but we have imported Paris cookery in our midst, and anyone who dines or lunches at such famous houses as the Savoy or Cecil or Carlton need not sigh for the traditions of Paillard or Bignon.

An excellent addition, however, to the still few restaurants in town where first-class cooking and economical prices join issue is the newly opened Café Cecil, in the Strand, which is served from the famous kitchen of the hotel of its name, and offers every advantage of the best Parisian cafés for which we benighted Britons once longed in vain. The tariff is moderate, and the cuisine so excellent that many to whom the Strand was a shopping *terra incognita* will now be



A BEAUTIFUL BLACK PICTURE-HAT AT THE MAISON LEWIS, REGENT STREET.

heart, and it will be the privilege of many to second the gracious example of charity which the "Sea King's daughter from over the sea" has set us this winter. Foremost among forthcoming charitable efforts to relieve the great distress in our midst is the Grand American Bazaar, chiefly organised by the Duchess of Marlborough, which will take place at the Town Hall, Stratford, on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of this month, in aid of the West Ham and East London Hospital. As the Duchess of Marlborough truly said in her appeal for support, in West Ham, poor as it is, the Hospital is at present most in need of help, for two reasons. First, because of its invaluable work amongst a population peculiarly in need of assistance on account of constantly occurring factory accidents, and others in ship-yards and on railways; secondly, because it is at present much too small to meet the ever-growing demands of the district.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are going East-End-wards to open the Bazaar on the 23rd. On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, and on the 25th the Japanese Minister, will perform the ceremony. The Town Hall is in the Broadway, Stratford, three minutes' walk from Stratford Station (G. E. R.), and there are frequent trains from Liverpool and Fenchurch Street Stations. Those who are unable to attend the Bazaar may, at all events, help with a donation, large or small, which can be sent to Geo. Hay, Esq., J.P., The Chestnuts, Stratford. Such moneys will be paid in at the Duchess of Marlborough's stall, unless otherwise specified. As the Hospital extension requires £10,000, it is hoped that everybody will help, all the more as £3,000 has been promised if the remaining £7,000 is raised by the end of this year.

It may seem greedy to talk of dainty foods with so much famine in



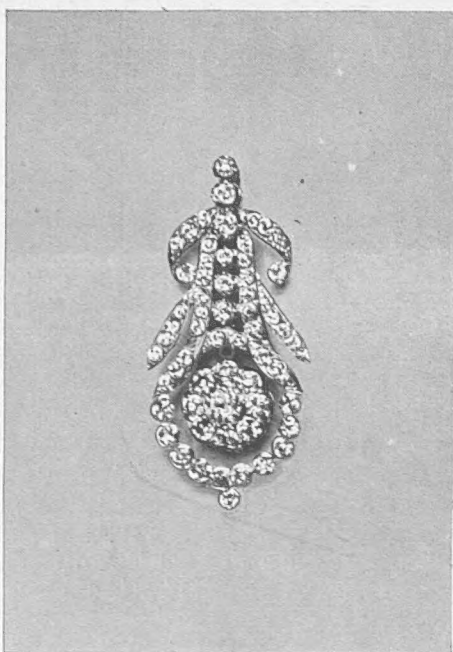
A SMART OPERA-CLOAK OF IVORY CLOTH.

drawn to lunch there, if only to sample the delicacies on the Café Cecil menu. A more restful environment in which to consume *sole à la Normande* or *cotelettes à la financière* would be difficult to find. The central chamber on the ground-floor is "done" in leaf-green with rich mahogany fittings. Below, a smoking-room provides the

possibility of the essential cigar, and above, on the first floor, a spacious gallery takes the overflow of grateful lunchers to whom 88, Strand, is now a Mecca for daily afternoon-tea or dainty mid-day meal.

In looking through the interesting exhibits of jewellery at the Artificers' Guild Exhibition, Maddox Street, one is inevitably reminded that, as far as jewel-setting is concerned at all events, old things are best, for some designs of Mr. Henry Wilson's in the Italian Renaissance style are obviously good as well as beautiful, while many of the modern effects, though variously meritorious, are infinitely inferior to the cunning tracery of old-time craftsmen. It is a pity that most of the modern exhibits do not bear the maker's name. Artists, as well as others, are more encouraged to good and original workmanship when the personal responsibility of authorship is attached. It is the wholesale anonymity of the present day that destroys pride in production, and therefore gives inferior and unimaginative craftsmanship.

In reproducing antique jewellery of all periods the Parisian Diamond Company is doing praiseworthy work indeed. At the present time one can see in any of their four shops (two in Burlington Arcade, one in Bond Street, one at 143, Regent Street) really admirable reproductions of antique jewellery, French, Spanish, and Italian. So lovely are many of these designs that one can imagine no more acceptable Christmas present from the artistic or decorative point of view than one of these exquisitely set jewels of olden and long bygone inspiration. Bracelets, pendants, ear-rings, necklaces, in variously coloured stones or the diamonds and pearls for which the Company is so well esteemed are every-



A BEAUTIFUL REPRODUCTION OF A PIECE OF ANTIQUE JEWELLERY, SHOWN AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

business, and were received by their host, supported by his two sons and partners, Mr. J. Lulham Pound, C.C., and Mr. Percy H. Pound.

At the Sheffield Police Court, the other day, a tobacconist of Lady's Bridge was summoned at the instance of Mr. T. A. Vincent, of Snig Hill, the District Manager for the well-known firm of Gallahers,

be from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and the wise in time will write for an interview at a fixed hour, as everybody who can will doubtless be anxious to see and hear Mrs. Pomeroy on a subject she has made so entirely her own.

SYBIL.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announces that a special train, composed of first and second class lavatory-carriages and a restaurant-car, will leave Boulogne for Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and Monte Carlo on Friday, Dec. 22, in connection with a special express-train from Charing Cross Station at 2.15 p.m., by the short sea-route *via* Folkestone and Boulogne. The reduced return fares from London to any of the above Riviera stations will be, first-class, £9 12s.; second-class, £6 12s.; and passengers will be able to return on any day, either *via* Calais or *via* Boulogne, up to Jan. 30, inclusive. The tickets will also be available at Hyères, Grasse, and other Riviera stations.

In order to commemorate his Mayoralty, Sir John Pound, Bt., has just given a dinner to the employés of Messrs. John Pound and Co., portmanteau and travelling-bag manufacturers, of which firm he is the head. The company numbered about two hundred, represented every department of the firm's extensive



THE ART OF REPRODUCING ANTIQUE JEWELLERY: AN INTERESTING BRACELET MADE BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

where on view, and the difficulty of the purchaser is, indeed, less what to choose than what to leave behind.

The existence of the Universal Hair-Manufacturing Company, which occupies large premises at 84, Foxberry Road, Brockley, S.E., would seem to argue that many more women than one suspects call in aid from art when Nature begins to wax and wane. Certainly the voluminous pamphlet issued by the Company, embellished with numerous seductive fringes, curls, tails, transformations, and Venus knows what, takes one's breath away at the apparent magnitude of its producers' operations, while testimonials from grateful fair creatures, once more or less hairless, but now rejoicing in the proud ownership of ample locks, testify at once to the powerful place in creation so worthily and ornamentally occupied by the Universal Hair-Manufacturing Company aforesaid. The Company prides itself on its expertness in "matching," so that every tone, from "fiery foxy" to fashionable mahogany or Saxon fairness, or venerable greyness or Lucretia Borgian blackness, is available at will.

While we have always been accustomed to regard Eau-de-Cologne as a luxury of the toilette, since the introduction of the "4711" Brand we have grown to look upon it as a necessity. Therefore, those who have become accustomed to its invaluable presence on the toilet-table or in the sick-room should be made aware that, if the nearest chemist or perfumer does not happen to have it at the required moment, a post-card to the English dépôt, which is now at Wells Street, Cripplegate, will always ensure a supply of "4711" Eau-de-Cologne by return of post. At nearly all good perfumers' or druggists' the familiar green-and-gold label, with "4711" writ large, is to be seen, however; but the address of the dépôt is useful to remember, in case one should find oneself outside the civilised radius.

Another matter of toilette interest is that, on the 20th of this forlorn month of fogs and facial distressfulness, Mrs. Pomeroy, of face-massage fame, started on a tour of her provincial, Scottish, and Irish branches. Many women in the sister countries and provinces will rejoice at the possibility of a personal interview with the high priestess of beauty-culture, in its best sense. The hours of consultation at each establishment will

Limited, of Belfast, for applying a false trade description to twist tobacco and for selling the tobacco with the description applied. It was proved that twist tobacco that was not Gallahers' had been sold as Gallahers' Irish roll in the defendant's shop, and he was fined 20s. and the costs, which amounted to £8 11s. 6d.

Madame Nordica, who is said to be engaged to be married to Captain de la Mar, an enormously wealthy mine-owner, is probably the greatest living American *diva*. She never forgets the days when, as Miss Norton, she sang in the choir of a little village church in Massachusetts. And Americans love her. A pretty story is told of how she charmed a cowboy when she was singing in Texas. She had forgotten her fur boots, and this child of Nature fetched them for her; but he only brought one at a time, and when she apologised for giving him so much trouble, he answered: "No trouble, Ma'am; I wish you were a centipede!"

Somehow, Nordica did not really come into her kingdom till about ten years ago, when Frau Wagner engaged her to sing Elsa in "Lohengrin." Since then, she has sung chiefly in Wagner and in oratorio. She is especially popular in Dublin, where she has a perpetual escort of five young men—"The Faithful Five," as she calls them. She does not know in the least who they are, but naturally she feels flattered at their silent, unobtrusive admiration. They always have a carriage ready to take her to her hotel when she arrives in Ireland, and one of their number presents her with a bouquet; and when she leaves they "see her off" in the same way. Nordica is particularly amused to note that, while showing no jealousy of one another, they will allow no recruits to be added to their band. Sometimes she may be persuaded to tell of two appalling accidents which befell her in "Faust." She was Marguerite, of course, and in the Garden Scene the tenor nearly pulled her wig off, because some of his gold lace got entangled with her hair-plaits. As if that was not enough, the Valentine of the evening happened to be a snuff-taker, and, in the scene where Marguerite falls over his prostrate body, poor Nordica could not restrain herself from giving a good hearty sneeze in front of the audience.



SCENT IN PERFECTION: THE "4711" BRAND OF EAU-DE-COLOGNE.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 28.

RUSSIA AND THE MARKETS.

THE more the markets hear about Russia, the less they like it, and there is no doubt that the position in that unhappy country is causing considerable uneasiness in the Money Markets of the world. It is not so much that the English public would lose any large amount in a direct way if the interest on the foreign loans could not be met; but such an event would disorganise Paris, and, indeed, all the Continental centres, and we should probably be involved in a great international panic. Short of a complete overthrow of Czardom, we do not anticipate that the financial disorganisation will go so far; but whether or not the tottering dynasty can be kept on its throne is one of those things that it would be affectation for the average man to give any useful opinion upon, and we can only wait the development of events, as to the significance of which we are profoundly ignorant in this country. These things the markets recognise, and, for the moment, no prudent man cares to put out his hand further than he can draw it in.

THE BEIRA RAILWAY AND OTHER MATTERS.

The Beira Railway Debenture-holders Committee have issued a third report, which is interesting if unpleasant reading for their unfortunate constituents. It discloses a most astonishing state of affairs, and one which will not do much to improve the tarnished glory of Chartered Finance. It seems that the money for the building of the line was found by the debenture-holders, while the governing body is elected by the shareholders, and that the majority of the shares are registered in the name of the Chartered Company, which has sold them, but has merely issued to the buyers a sort of scrip which gives the holders no rights

on which the lands required for settlers under the proposed Closer Settlement Acts will be acquired. One can only hope that the folly of frightening away capital, at a time when the whole continent is crying out for development, will be sufficiently patent to prevent unjust legislation, and impose a limit upon the Socialistic experiments which the Labour Party in Australia are disposed to enter upon.

With regard to the particular Companies mentioned above, I have only space to refer very briefly to one or two of them. Paterson, Laing, and Bruce 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares return over 7 per cent. at their present price, and seem a fair investment of their class. The net profits last year amounted to £44,000, of which only £21,000 is required to pay the Preference interest. The dividend on the Ordinary shares was raised from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent., and a further £5,000 was placed to Reserve. The name of the Chairman is a sufficient guarantee that the Company is soundly managed. The dividend on Australian Mortgage, Land, and Finance shares for the year ending in June last was increased from 2½ per cent. to 6 per cent., while 10 per cent. was earned. The return at the present price is over 5 per cent., while an increased dividend is expected next year. The dividend on Dalgety and Co.'s shares has never fallen below 5 per cent., and for last year 6 per cent. was paid, making the return, at present prices, 5½ per cent. At the recent meeting, the Chairman stated that they might fairly look for a continuance of the improvement in their affairs. On both the last-mentioned shares the fact of the heavy liability must not be lost sight of.

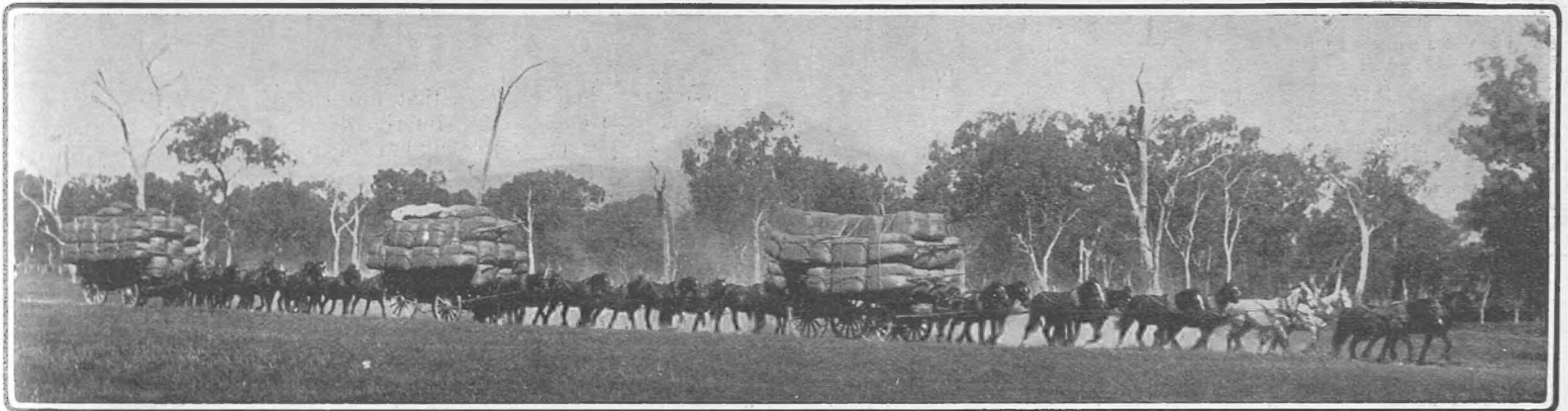
P.S.—The dividend on *Lagunas Syndicate* shares, making 6s. for the year against 5s. last year, may seem, at first sight, rather disappointing; but it should be noticed that 9s. per share has been earned, a total amount of £35,750 having been carried to Reserve or devoted to paying off Debentures; also, that the whole of the Debentures will have been paid off in March next, representing an annual saving to the Company of £15,750, besides the interest. Against the purchase of new grounds, which cost £83,000, £55,000 has been carried to Special Reserve. When the whole of this has been liquidated, a considerable increase in the dividend is probable.

I understand that, as foreshadowed in my recent notes, there will be no distribution on *Premier Diamond Deferred* this half-year. Should there be any reaction in the price of the shares in consequence, it will afford a favourable opportunity for acquiring them.

Nov. 17, 1905.

ELECTRIC DARKNESS.

Few of the shares in the Companies supplying London with electric-light have escaped their proportion of the flatness caused in this market by the threatened competition of the London County Council in the area of electric lighting and power. When once the



THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL INDUSTRY: WOOL-TRAIN ON THE ROAD.

and no power. The control is in the hands of the Chartered directors, and, for all we know, they may have sold the whole of the shares wherewith their nominees are put in and out of office at their own sweet will.

There is evidently a determined effort about to be made to promote some Australian Gem Company, and all sorts of puffs are being sent round to the Press for various editors' acceptance. Our readers must be careful and not accept as gospel all the fairy-tales they may see in either London or provincial papers as to the diamonds of New South Wales or the sapphires of Queensland. To be forewarned is half the battle.

Our correspondent "Q." asks us to say that he has the best information that Colorado Nitrates at under 10 are well worth buying. His knowledge of the Nitrate position, and the inner working of the various Companies, is so unique that it is generally safe to follow him on this ground.

THE PROGRESS OF THE AUSTRALIAN REVIVAL.

The revival in Australia which began with the break in the long and disastrous drought in 1903 appears to be making steady if slow progress. The improving conditions are naturally reflected in the price of the shares connected with trade and agriculture in the Australian Commonwealth. I give below a few instances to show what the trend of prices has been for the last two years—

	Lowest in 1904.	Lowest in 1905.	Present Price.
Australian Pastoral £10 Cum. Pref. share	2½	3½	4½
Paterson, Laing, and Bruce £5 Cum. Pref. share	3½	3½	4
Dalgety and Co. £20 share, £5 paid	4½	4½	5½
Australian Agricultural £25 share, £21½ paid	52½	62½	65½
Australian Estates 5 per Cent. A Deb. Stock	37½	66	80
Australian Mortgage, Land, and Finance £25 share, £5 paid	3½	4½	5½

As regards the future, one may say that, barring droughts and unwise legislation, the outlook appears very favourable. The recovery which has already taken place is a proof of the recuperative power of the country, and a few good years would suffice to wipe out all traces of the severe ordeal through which the continent has passed. Next to a sufficient rainfall, the great need of the country is an increase of population, and there are some signs that the people are waking up to the vital importance of encouraging immigration. At the same time, alarm has been aroused as to the terms

L.C.C. gets an idea into its head, nothing on earth is strong enough to drive it out again; but the long-suffering ratepayer may hope that the electric fad has not yet gained so firm a hold upon the Councillors' minds as to prevent them seeing the folly which an incursion into this particular area would mean. To get a Bill passed empowering the Council to take up the supply of electricity would cost not the twenty thousand pounds of which one of the members spoke, but at least fifty thousand, if precedent is anything to go by. Moreover, the County Council is not wanted in the electrical sphere. If the present Companies were less satisfactory, less modern, less reasonably disposed than they are, their monopolies might very well be recalled; but, while there are minor points in the management of most of the Companies deserving of criticism, it cannot be denied that they do their work well, and, on the whole, cheaply, which is more than can be expected of anything the County Council once takes in hand. So far as one can see now, the chances of Parliament agreeing to the threatened competition are extremely remote, but, while the uncertainty remains, Electric Lighting shares are sure to be depressed.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Whether Russia is in revolt or whether she is not appears to be rather uncertain at the moment. If revolution breaks out in real earnest (and, in the name of all that's solemn, one prays it may not), its effect merely upon markets will be profoundly discouraging. Of course, nobody can tell what would happen in the event of organised disorder. It is an interesting speculation to discuss the chances of Russia defaulting: it affords a good head-line to the writer of sensational finance, but it is so entirely a matter of guess that the speculation is a barren one. To conceive one of the paramount European Powers as likely to repudiate the interest on her bonds or to sink into such a condition as to be unable to meet her obligations gives such a blow to one's old-established, cherished ideas that, if such a thing were to happen, it would shake the credit of the world's finance. Maybe the time would come when some other first-class nation's credit was impugned. "Impossible!" one would cry; and the other's query, "Well, why not? Remember Russia," might be difficult to answer. Perhaps a panic would not develop, although— But, after all, it is profitless to attempt pursuit of this fascinating theme.

To employ money for a few weeks, buy Argentine 6 per cent. Funding Bonds. They will be paid off at par on Jan. 1, 1906, plus the coupon of £1 10s. Say you buy the bonds at 100½; on Jan. 1 you get £101 8s. 6d., allowing for the income-tax. The profit is 11s. per cent. for the month, which, multiplied by twelve, works out to

£6 12s. per annum. Some long while ago I pointed out how Red Sea and India Telegraph Annuities, a British Government security, could be brought to pay over 5 per cent. on the money, and, if the stock can be bought even now about 2½, the yield is excellent, considering the security. The Argentine bonds are, of course, perfectly safe, and, for a month's investment of capital, they are worth buying. On the other hand, the taker-in of Canadas or Yankee shares can get about 5½ or 5¾ per cent. for carrying-over, and this may answer the capitalist's purpose equally well, though, in the case of the Funding Loan, no differences can arise out of the fluctuations in price which taking-in American shares might involve.

San Paulo 5 per cent. Bonds of 1904, often recommended here as a good speculative investment when the price was 93 or 94, have kept exceedingly steady about 97, through the recent little slump caused by the troubles at Rio. The bonds are quite good enough to keep.

Why Central London Deferred should be so ignored in the Railway boomlet I cannot imagine. The stock is cheap, and may be depended upon to retain the 4 per cent. dividend which has been the annual level since the line got into working order. I do not suppose that even the rate for the current year will be reduced, though the directors may possibly think it prudent to retain a large carry-forward in order to cope more effectively with the competition from the electrified District. Tube Deferred gets its dividend once a year, in the middle of February, and 4 per cent. at 86½ works out to 4½ per cent. on money invested, while, taking the dividend at a reduction of ¼ per cent., a return of 4¼ per cent. is shown.

If the London County Council steadily perseveres on the lines it now pursues, the time will come when it will have grown into a universal provider of everything. May I venture to indicate to the authorities at Spring Gardens that they are overlooking a most important section of municipal requirements in not providing public buffets or shops where one can buy two-penn'orth of County Council scrip over the counter? London in time will find it as difficult to raise money by public subscription to its loans as the luckless West Ham would do at the present day if it appeared in the market; and then the only way of getting cash will be through the medium of shops or offices especially provided for the purpose of peddling out scrip. Naturally, nobody would be allowed to sell except to the County Council, and at such price as the latter in its wisdom might decree. If Lord Welby or Mr. John Burns would like further particulars, I will endeavour to obtain them from a Stock Exchange friend of mine who was formulating some such scheme the other day.

Mr. Morris, of Drucker and Morris, is one of the best, if not absolutely the best, of the violinists in the Stock Exchange, and leads the first violins at the weekly rehearsals and concerts of the Orchestral Society. So, you see, he is quite used to facing the music.

Kept your Missouri shares? You may remember that I told you the shares were cheap when the price was seven or eight points lower. People talk Missouri to 50, but I don't know. A good-profit is not the thing to be sneezed at, and if I had been a gambler, and had taken my own tip, the shares should go now, with my cordial thanks, and also best wishes to the buyer. The yarn goes that Jimmy Hill is fighting the Illinois Central division for control of the line, a statement the veracity of which I, personally, have no opportunity of checking.

It's treacherous work, giving advice about speculations, isn't it? However, none of you are at all likely to be staying at my house, so I may, perhaps, venture to observe that San Francisco del Oro are going better. I agree with you that the very name of the thing is almost sufficient to condemn it straight away, but, once you surmount the prejudice excited by the title—after all, one can always call the shares "Friscoes," which is short and snappy, if not cheap and chippy—Where was I? Excited by the title; I repeat, then, a little looking into the concern will prove it has capital prospects as a gamble. The Company ought to be earning substantial profits within a few months' time if the present rate of progress is maintained. It is, I say, a

"You should be women, And yet your beards forbid me to interpret That you are so."

For many centuries, and in many lands, beauty-seekers and physicians have eagerly sought for some harmless lotion or charm to prevent and remove the growth of superfluous hair. Until the discovery of Electrolysis a few years since, everything tried has only had the ultimate result of greatly aggravating the trouble, and rendering the later years of those so unhappy as to possess superfluous hair full of humiliation and sorrow. Every human being is born into the world with a certain number of hair-roots upon the face, head, and body. Upon a woman's face this down should never be more than the bloom upon the peach, and this it is which, upon a perfectly normal face, gives an appearance of velvety softness and flower-like bloom. Without this the face would be as shiny as a billiard-ball. Unfortunately, for causes as yet scarcely understood, some of the delicate down, grows long and noticeable; but all the down does not become superfluous hair at once: each hair-root develops a long hair in its own fulness of time so long as the constitutional causes exist. The more these are pulled out, burned off, or cut, the stronger and stiffer they grow.

It cannot be too widely understood that there is nothing known to science which will permanently and effectually destroy the roots of these hairs but the Electric Needle, and each one must be separately dealt with. Mrs. Pomeroy's long and careful study of the subject and her vast experience place her in the position of premier authority on Electrolysis, while

gamble, but one that might be worth four or five shillings a share to the present buyer. Excuse a personal explanation. Lately, the City Editor who supervises these pages has calmly cut out the final sentences that make these letters run out smoothly and evenly, but, if it happens again this time, allow me—though not an Irishman—to assure you it is not the fault of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ANXIOUS.—There is nothing the matter with the Land shares. Buy some more if they go lower. You will probably get some of the arrears next spring. The reason of the drop is that there were too many stale bulls who could not pay for what they had bought. We write private letters only in accordance with Rule 5.

J. J. R.—We sent you the price on the 13th, rather than keep you waiting so long. A. S. H.—We do not advise the purchase of any Kaffirs, as we think many things promise better. As to the Yankees, see this week's Stock Exchange letter.

J. W. B.—We wrote to you on the 13th. ANTONIO.—(1) Thanks for the balance-sheet and report. (2) We prefer the Association shares. (3-6) We are dead against spending money on Kaffirs at present. It seems to us the least promising market. (7) As to the Diamond shares, wait a bit, and, if they go lower, buy Deferred. (8) Yes. As a speculative investment, we consider them first-class. For a pure speculation, we hear well of Mount Lyell. (9) We prefer Nos. 9 and 10 in your list.

A. G. R.—The Banks are safe enough, but you would do much better to buy Villa Maria and Rufino Pref. shares, guaranteed by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Company—the price is 80, and you will get 3 per cent., rising by degrees to 4½ per cent.; or Transandine A. Debentures, with the joint guarantee of the Pacific and Great Western Companies.

STORAGE.—There is no such Company on the market, we think. As to the chances of it being floated, that is as it may be. Your letter reads as if you were a victim.

ETYMANDER.—(1) Both good speculative holdings. The Iron affair is, of course, the more risky of the two. (2) It is all right if you look after the accounts and don't trust it too far.

X.—(1) See last week's Notes. It is absurd to lay down prices at which to realise. It depends on the prospects of trade, traffics, and all sorts of things. (2) We will inquire, but think your money is lost.

H. W. B.—Our advice would be to hold on, as we hear the Company is doing well. It is possible the Preference shareholders might be asked to make some sacrifice, but it depends on the circumstances in each case.

BERGER.—The Company is one of the few Jungle concerns that might come right. If we had paid your price we should hold on and chance it.

We are asked to state that the Directors of J. Lyons and Co., Limited, have declared an interim dividend, payable Dec. 1, at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum on the issued Ordinary shares of the Company for the half-year ended Sept. 30, 1905. Share-transfer books will be closed until Nov. 30.

her improved methods and apparatus render the operation entirely effectual, and as painless as it is possible to be.

An experienced and efficient operator will leave no scar, and the cost is insignificant when compared with relief from the humiliation of hairy disfigurement. Women who are afflicted with superfluous hair may be most thankful that their lot is cast in an age when electrolysis, skilfully used, can so quickly, safely, and surely, remove such an unsightly blemish.

At each of her branches, 29, Old Bond Street, London; 206, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; 39, Grafton Street, Dublin; 35, Bold Street, Liverpool; 75, New Street, Birmingham; and 10, Duncan's Building, Cape Town, Mrs. Pomeroy employs ladies who have received the best and most careful training from her, and whose experienced and effectual work has brought joy to the hearts of those who have often wept from vexation and humiliation. Could such secrets be revealed, many startling cures might be told of, which have been effected for women in all classes of society; where bearded chins have been made smooth and fair once more, and hideous bristles growing from moles upon the face have been harmlessly eradicated. These, however, are secrets of the toilet-room that may not be divulged, and it is sufficient to know that, by her skilful method of electrolysis, certain relief from the mental torture of superfluous hairs may now be obtained.

Ladies are cordially invited to communicate with Mrs. Pomeroy upon this important subject. She gives advice and consultation free of charge, either personally or by letter. All correspondence should be addressed to Mrs. Pomeroy, Bureau S.K., at 29, Old Bond St., W.

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